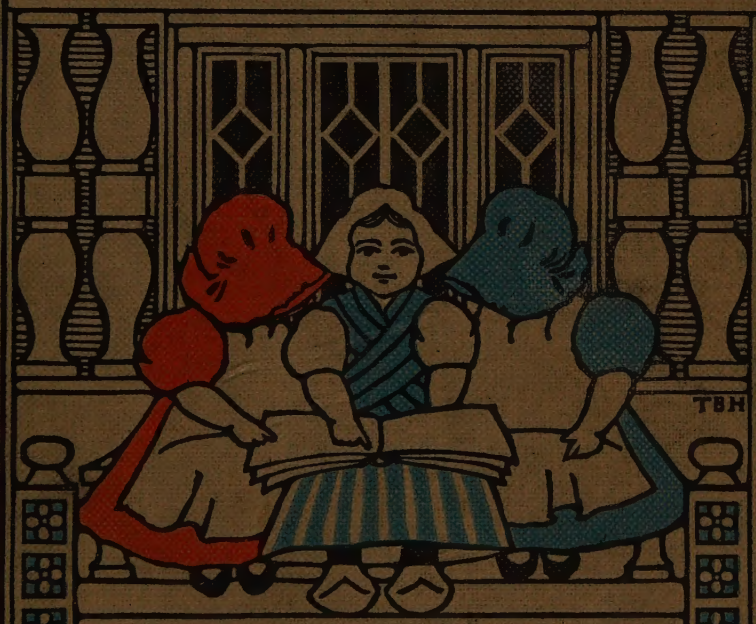
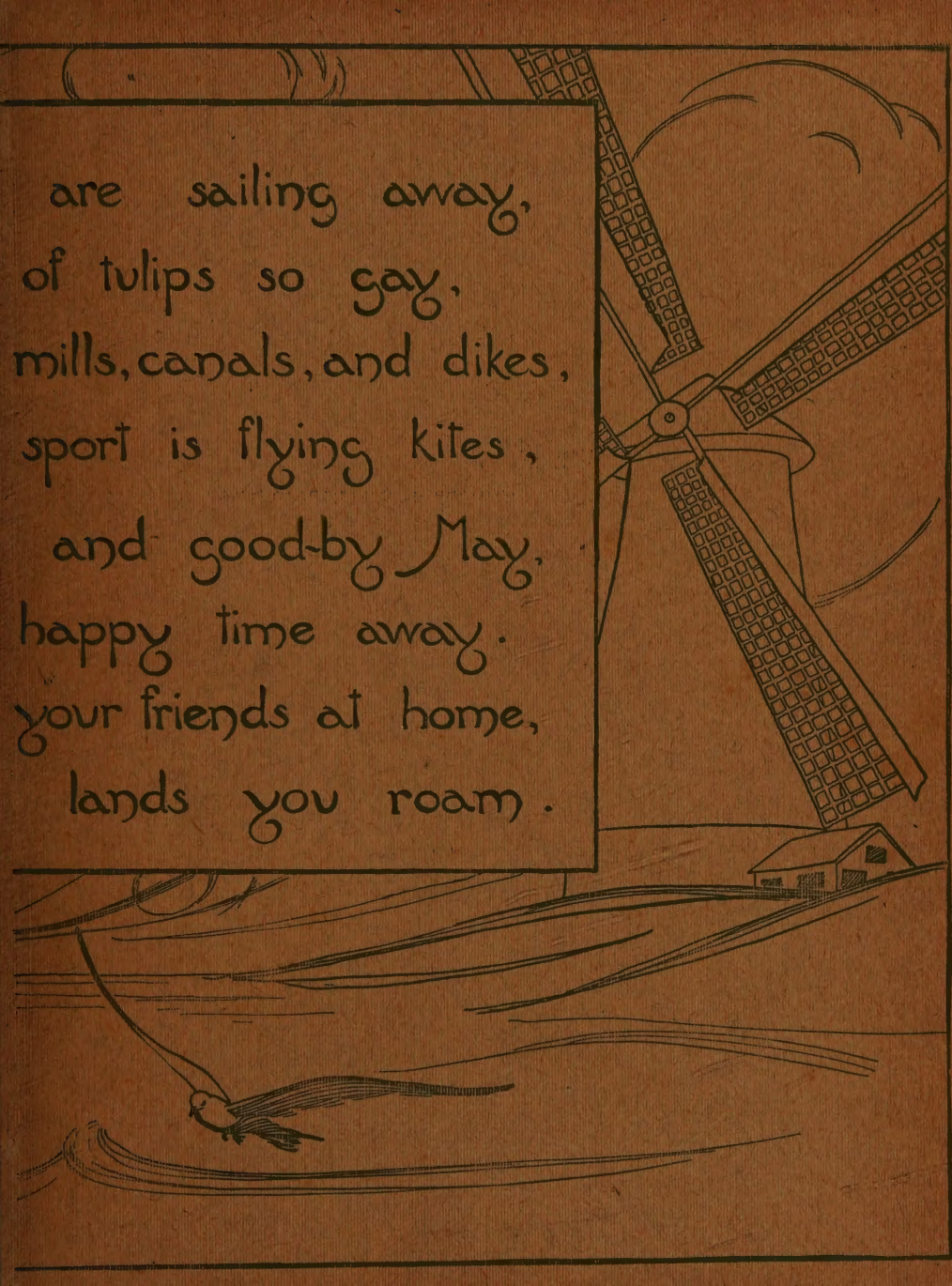
The Sunbonnet Babies in Holland



Eulalie Osgood Grover

The Sunbonnet Babies
Away to the land
To the land of wind-
Where the children's
Good-by dear Molly,
We wish you a
But don't forget
While far in foreign


are sailing away,
of tulips so gay,
mills, canals, and dikes,
sport is flying kites,
and good-by May,
happy time away.
your friends at home,
lands you roam.

THE SUNBONNET BABIES IN HOLLAND

The SUNBONNET BABIES IN HOLLAND

By EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER
Author of "The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer," "The Overall Boys," "The Outdoor Primer"

ILLUSTRATED BY

BERTHA CORBETT MELCHER
The "Mother of the Sunbonnet Babies and the Overall Boys"

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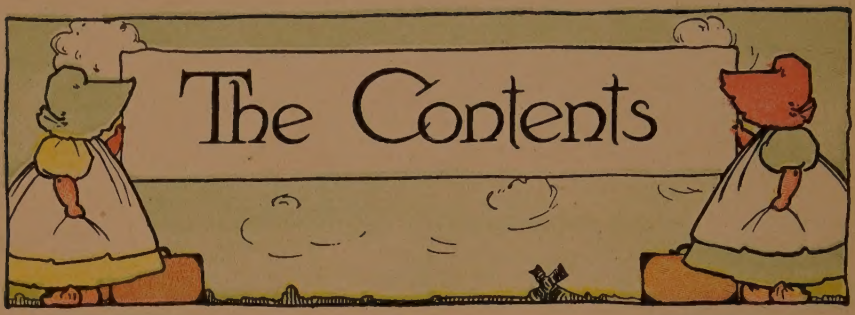
To
the really truly Princess
JULIANA
from her little friends
MOLLY and MAY



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Some News

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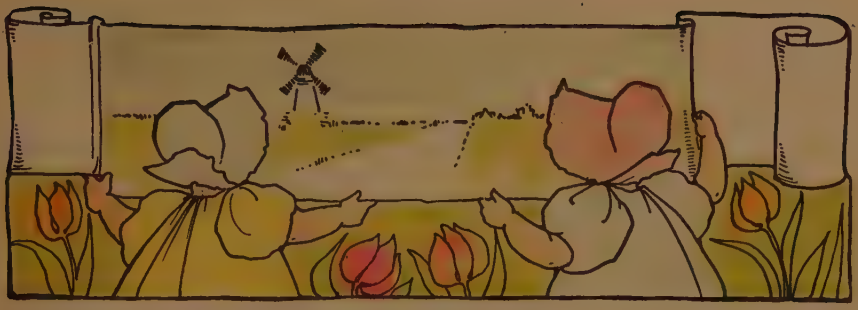


THE SUNBONNET BABIES IN HOLLAND

SOME NEWS

"We are going to Holland, May!" cried Molly. "Yes, you and I are really going to Holland. Just think of that!"

"I can't, Molly," said May. "I don't know what Holland is. I don't know where Holland is. I don't know why we are going there. I am not sure that I want to go."

"Oh, yes you do, May! Wait a minute and I will tell you something. I know all about Holland. I heard father and mother talking about it. It must be fine over there!"

"Do tell me about it, quick, Molly! What is Holland? Is it a big park? Where is it, and when are we going to see it?"

"No, no, May! Holland is not a park. It is a lovely little country. It is only a little larger than the state of Maryland. Father said so. Holland is away across the Atlantic Ocean, and we are going to start next Saturday. We shall have to sail and sail and sail for more than a week, I guess. The ocean is three thousand miles wide, you know."

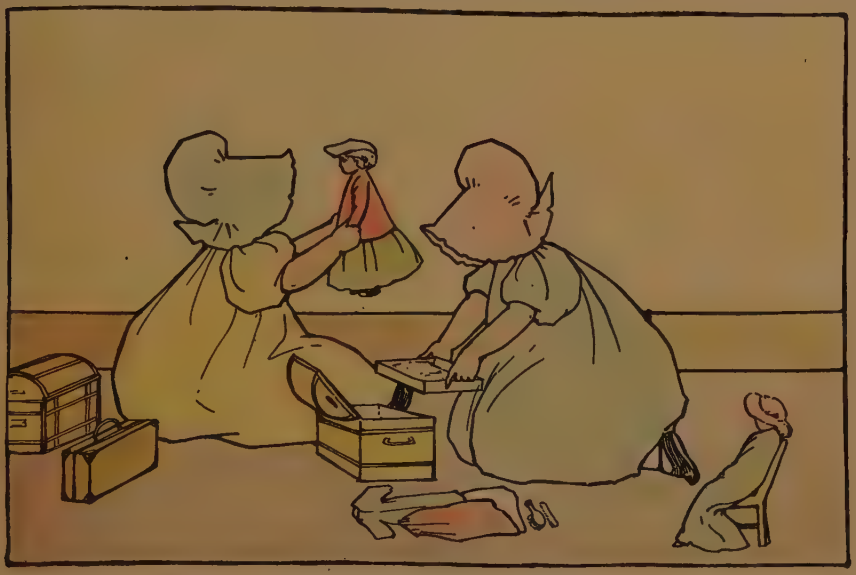
"Oh, dear! Are we going to sail to Holland all alone?" asked May.

"No, of course not! Father and mother are going with us," answered Molly. "I heard father say that he has business to do over there. He said that you and I may stay with our little Dutch cousins while he and mother go somewhere else—to Paris, I think."

"Do our cousins live in the country or in the city, Molly?"

"Father said they live in the country. He said that our Uncle Jan owns a fine windmill near the city of Middleburg. Middleburg is on a big island, and it is the capital of Zeeland. Father called Holland the land of windmills and canals and dikes and cows and cheese and

tulips. He said it is a wonderful little country. He said it is almost more wonderful than America. That's all I know, May."



"Let's pack their trunks to-day"

"Don't you even know how long we are going to stay in Holland, Molly?"

"Oh, yes; father told mother they would have to be in Europe eight or ten months."

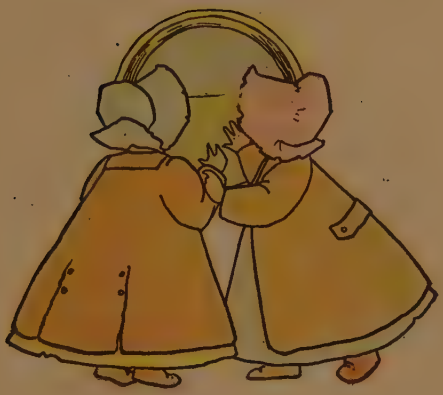
"Goody!" cried May. "Then we can live with our Dutch cousins all that time!"

"We must take our dolls with us, May. Let's pack their trunks to-day."

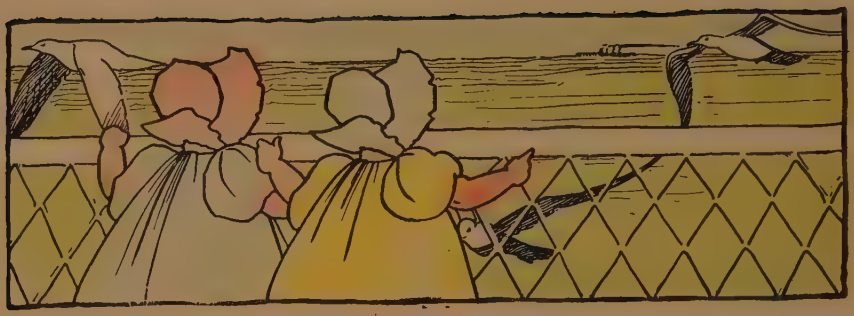
"Yes, of course our dolls must go with us," said May. "I wonder what our Dutch cousins look like. I wonder how they dress. I wonder!"

"In about two weeks we shall know, May. But I know one thing now,—you and I shall have to learn to speak Dutch, for father says our Dutch cousins cannot speak English."

"Oh, dear! How can we ever, ever speak Dutch?"



On the Ocean



ON THE OCEAN

"All aboard for Holland!" shouted May, as the great steamer sailed slowly away from New York. "All aboard for Holland!"

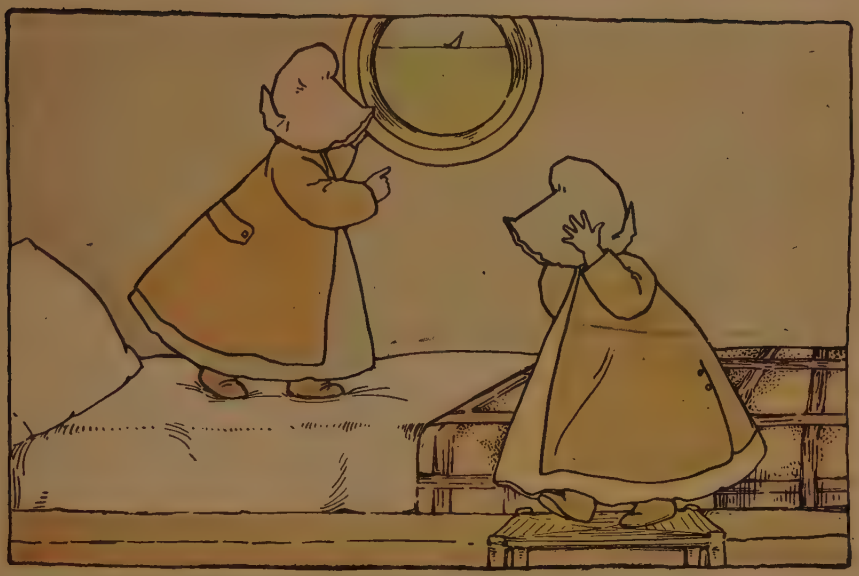
"What a fine floating house this is," said Molly. "We are going to live in it for nine days. We are going to eat and sleep and play in it for nine whole days and nights."

"There is nothing but water, water, all around us, and the big, big sky above us, Molly."

"Let's go and look at the room where we are to sleep, May."

"Oh, my!" said May. "It looks like a big closet with three broad shelves in it."

"So it does. Father says he wants to sleep on the high shelf, and mother wants the one



"Look at the little round window above our bed"

just below father's. You and I shall have to sleep on this shelf under the window, May."

"Please let me sleep on the inside, Molly. You know I always roll out when I am near the edge."

"All right, May. But look at the little round window above our bed."

"We can see miles and miles of water through it—and miles and miles of sky! Isn't it strange not to see any houses, Molly?"

"Let's run up on deck and see if there are

any other floating houses in sight," said Molly.

"Oh, dear! I can't run, Molly! What is the matter with our boat? Is it tipping over? I have such a queer feeling in my head! Oh, dear!"

"May! You *must* not be seasick!" cried Molly. "That would be dreadful! Come quick, and we will have a race on deck. Then you will feel all right, no matter how much the boat tips and rolls. Now run, run, run!"

"See, the waves are chasing each other, too. How the big waves splash the little ones, and what pretty white caps they wear!"

"I think the mother waves are sending the baby waves to bed away out in the sea. The sun is going down, and the moon is in the sky."

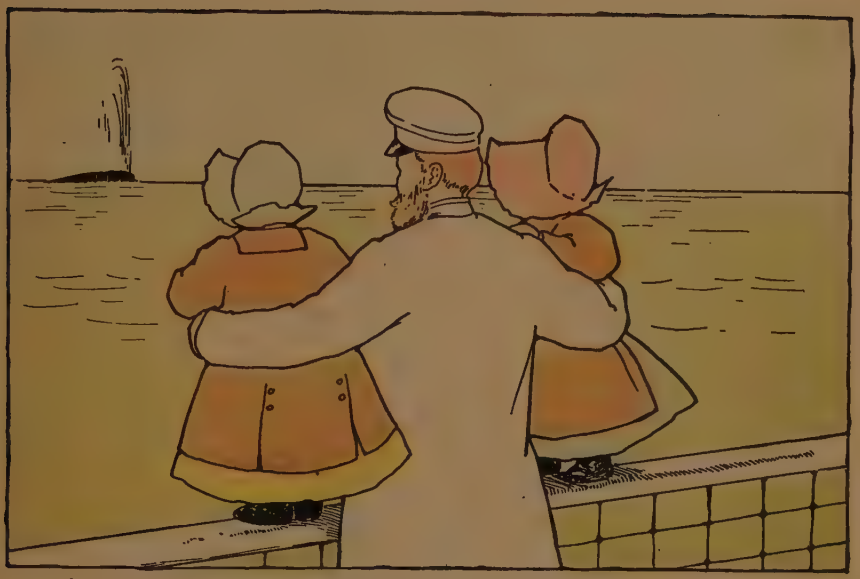
"Mother is calling us to supper, Molly. In a little while we can go to bed, too," said May.

"Where are the Sunbonnet Babies?" said the captain of the ship one morning. "Would they like to see a whale?"

"Oh, here we are!" cried Molly.

"And where is the whale?" cried May.

"Look right out there in the ocean," said



"That black thing is the back of a whale"

the captain. "Do you see a shiny black thing sending a jet of water high in the air?"

"Yes, yes; I see!" "And I see!" cried Molly and May.

"Well, that black thing is the back of a whale. He is nearly as long as our ship, but most of him is under water. He is showing us what a great fountain he can make with his nose.

"Now look quick on the other side of the ship," shouted the captain. "Do you see those

porpoises? We call them sea-hogs. They are jumping off the frill of that big wave."

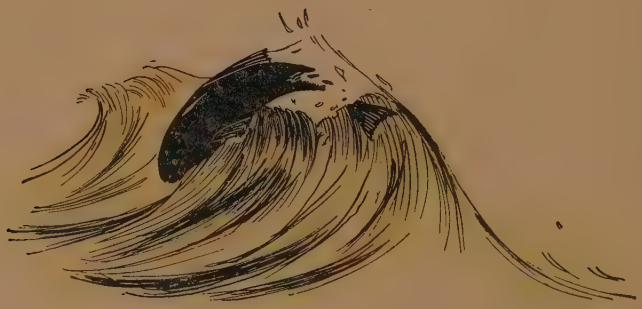
"There must be dozens of them!" cried Molly. "Just see them jump!"

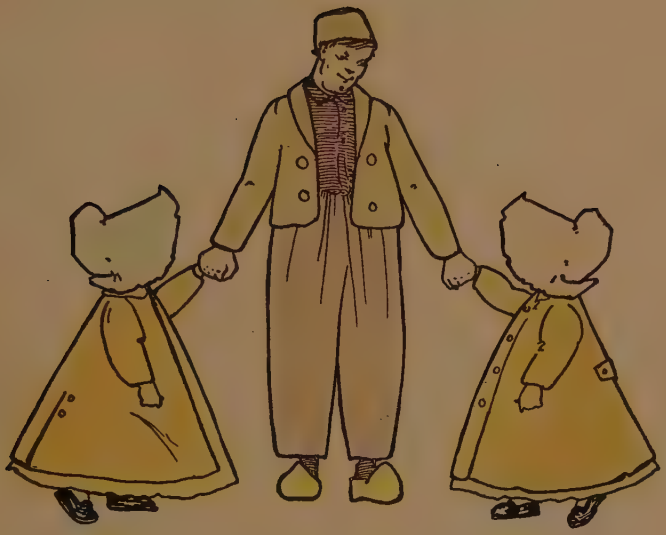
"Yes, they have jolly times with the waves," said the captain.

"And we have jolly times on your fine ship, captain," said May. "We shall almost be sorry when we get to Holland and have to leave your lovely floating house."

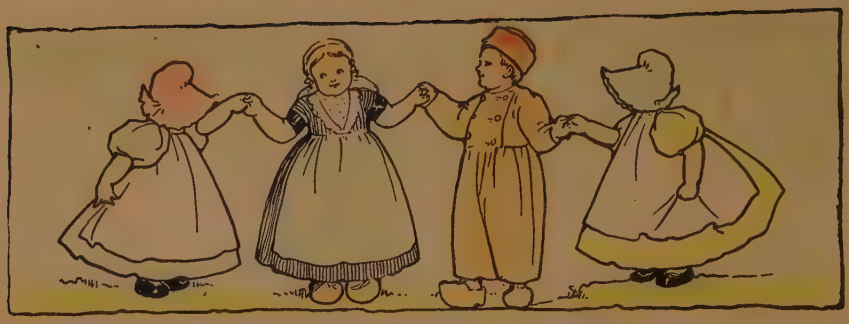
"Oh, May, you and the captain swing the rope while I jump it and spell something," said Molly.

"One, two, three, ready! H-u-r-r-a-h f-o-r o-u-r j-o-l-l-y c-a-p-t-a-i-n! H-u-r-r-a-h!"





The Arrival



THE ARRIVAL

"Is this really, really Holland?" cried Molly, dancing on her tiptoes.

"Yes, Molly, it must be Holland. We are in the city of Rotterdam. I heard a man say so."

"Listen, May! What do you suppose those boys are trying to say?"

"Oh, my! I suppose they are speaking Dutch. How queer it sounds!"

"See that Dutchman talking with father," said Molly. "Father is speaking Dutch, too. Just think! Father was once a little Dutch boy, and he lived here in Holland. That is why he can speak Dutch now, I suppose."

"I believe that man is Uncle Jan," said May. "He has come to the boat to meet us.

"Please may I have a peep at your faces?"

I do hope he can speak English. Let's see if he can understand what we say.

"Hello, Uncle Jan! We are the Sunbonnet Babies. We are Molly and May. We have come 'way across the ocean to visit you. Can you understand us? Can you speak English, Uncle Jan?"

Then Uncle Jan took off his round cap, made a deep, deep bow, and said:

"Yes, yes, you dear little Sunbonnet Babies, I understand every word you say. But your

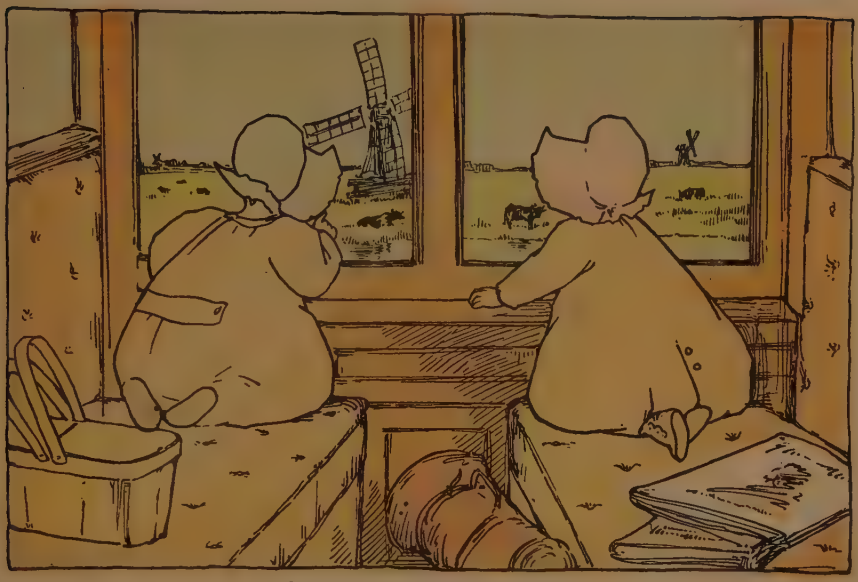
bonnets are so big I cannot tell where your pretty voices come from. Please may I have a peep at your faces? I shall have to hold you just so. Now I can see! Oh, oh! What a beautiful Sunbonnet Baby! What a dear little Sunbonnet Lady! But which is Molly and which is May? I am sure I shall call May—Molly, and Molly—May."

"No, no! You must not do that! I am Molly, with the pink sunbonnet and the blue dress."

"And I am May, with the blue sunbonnet and the yellow dress. Now remember, *that* is Molly and *this* is May."

"Well, now," said Uncle Jan, "just come with me. Our train is waiting for us. In a few hours you will see my big windmill. Your little Dutch cousins do not live in this great city. Oh, no! They live in a lovely little village 'way down in Zeeland. The boys and girls have fine times sailing ships and building play windmills and dikes down there.

"You think this train is small and queer, do you? Well, Molly may sit by this window and



Counting windmills and cows

May by that window. You can see a little of our beautiful Dutch country as the train flies along. You will see a great deal of water, but you will not see any hills, and I am sure you cannot count the cows or the windmills."

"Let's try, Molly. You count the cows and I'll count the windmills," said May. "I see one, two, three windmills."

"And I see one, two, three—no, twenty cows. I am sure there must be twenty," said Molly. "They are all black and white cows, too. See!

there are twenty or forty more. Uncle Jan is right; I never can count them all."

"We have passed seventeen windmills, Molly. There's another; that makes eighteen! And another makes nineteen! See how fast their wings fly round and round! The wind must be blowing a gale."

"Look quick, May!" cried Molly. 'Just look at those lovely flowers! Oh, what are they? What are they?"

"I know what they are, Molly! I know! They are tulips! We are in Holland, you know. We are in the land of tulips and windmills."

"Oh, look at the rows and rows of red tulips!" cried May.

"Yes, and rows and rows and rows of yellow ones! And rows and rows and rows and rows of white ones—of pink ones—of scarlet ones! Oh, oh! our train has left them all behind."

"Why. you dear little Sunbonnet Babies," said Uncle Jan, "there were not many tulips in that garden. You should see the real tulip

fields, if you like flowers. There are fields and fields of tulips not far north of here. I expect they are all in bloom right now.

"Every spring people come from all over the world to see the blossoms and to buy the bulbs. They want to have the same fine flowers in their gardens at home, you know."

"Yes, we know," said Molly. "We have a very, very few of them in our garden. When mother wants fine bulbs she always sends to Holland for them. She says the loveliest tulips in all the world grow in Holland."

"I am sure mother is right," said Molly. "I never, never dreamed of anything so lovely as that garden was."

Then the two little girls were quiet. They were quiet for a very long time. They were watching the canals and the windmills and the cows fly by.

At last Molly called: "Uncle Jan, what is that long, low hill over there? I thought you said we should not see any hills."

"That is not a hill," said Uncle Jan. "At least, we do not call it a hill. It is a dike. A

dike is a high, thick wall or bank which holds the water back. That dike keeps the water in the great North Sea from covering all this low land. If we did not build dikes we should not have any dry land, for the sea is higher than much of our land. That is why our country is called Holland, or The Hollow Land.

"Sometimes people call it the Water Land because we have so many canals," continued Uncle Jan. "Some day I shall tell you why we have these canals and how they are made, but now we are almost home. Here is our little city of Middleburg. We shall have to drive a mile into the country, and then you will see my windmill. How many windmills will mine make, May?"

"Oh, dear! I have lost my count, Uncle Jan. I am sure we have passed hundreds of them. Just think, Molly, Uncle Jan has a really truly windmill of his own!"

Very soon the little travelers were going through a gate into a tiny Dutch garden. The garden was filled with lovely flowers, with tulips and lilacs and lilies.

In the open door of the small, low house stood Tante Anna. Both her hands were held out with a smiling Dutch welcome.

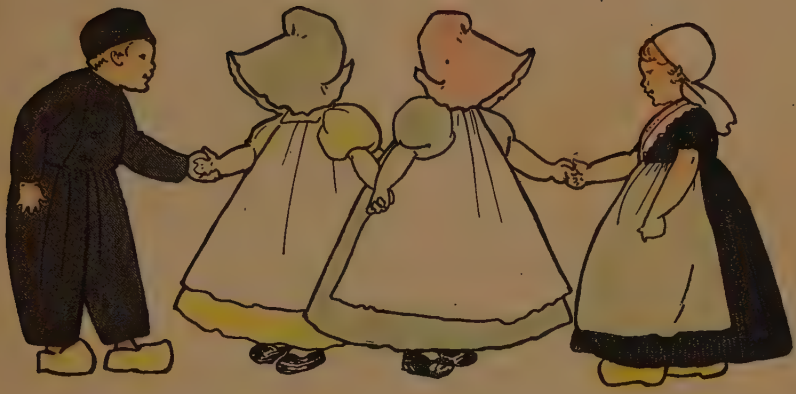
In the open door stood Tante Anna

There was a clatter of wooden shoes, and two queer little people hurried out into the garden. They were Hans and Betje, the little Dutch cousins. Baby Mina was peeping from behind her mother in the doorway.

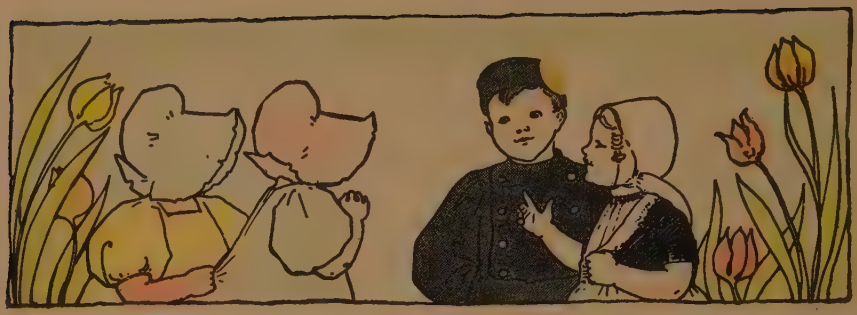
Hans and Betje stood very still, and looked at the Sunbonnet Babies. They never, never had seen such strange and pretty little girls.

And Molly and May looked and looked at Hans and Betje, for they never, never had seen such a queer little boy and girl

Then they all laughed, and Hans and Betje said, "Hoe gaat het met je?" and Molly and May said, "How do you do?" and they were friends.



Getting Acquainted



GETTING ACQUAINTED

Yes, the Sunbonnet Babies and their little Dutch cousins were friends from the very first, but it was many days before they were really acquainted with each other.

Everything was so strange, so very strange, to Molly and May. But to talk like Hans and Betje was strangest of all.

Instead of saying *Uncle* they said *Oom; Auntie* was *Tante; yes* was *ja; no* was *neen;* and *one, two, three, four* were *een, twee, drie, vier.*

It was really very funny to hear two little American Sunbonnet Babies try to talk in Dutch. But at last they learned how to talk and how to do everything else like the little Dutch cousins.

They thought the way their cousins dressed was very odd. The cousins thought the way the Sunbonnet Babies dressed was very odd, too.

Then the Sunbonnet Babies each put on one of Betje's black dresses

So one morning, just for fun, they changed dresses. Betje put on May's yellow dress and blue sunbonnet, and the Sunbonnet Babies each put on some of Betje's queer clothes.

First, Molly and May put on petticoats—five of them. Every well-dressed little Dutch girl wears at least five petticoats. Each birthday she has a new one.

Then they each put on one of Betje's black dresses. The skirts were very full and long, and the waists and sleeves were very tight.

In Molly's dress there was a pretty pink and white vest, and there was a pretty blue and white vest in May's dress.

They each wore three strings of red coral beads close around the neck, and a very full blue gingham apron, which looked like another skirt. (Betje's best aprons were made of black silk, with red and green silk ties.)

Then came the caps. Molly and May thought Betje's white lace caps were much prettier than their own big sunbonnets.

First they put on a close black cap, then a plain white cap, and then the lovely lace cap.

Betje pinned a stiff gold curl to each side of the caps. She fastened a lovely gold spangle to each stiff curl, and they were ready.

It was so hard to walk in the big wooden shoes, Molly and May almost fell over their own feet. They felt like grown-up ladies in their long black skirts, for they were dressed just like their Tante Anna.

Most people who live in the busy cities do not wear the quaint Dutch costumes any more. They think that English clothes are better.

The little boys and girls dress like their fathers and mothers.

But in the country and in many small villages the people are very proud of their pretty costumes and like to wear them.

The girls always dress like their mothers, only the mothers wear more petticoats. Sometimes they wear as many as twelve.

Of course the boys dress like their fathers. Near Middleburg they wear long, straight trousers and very short black jackets and red shirts and small, round hats.

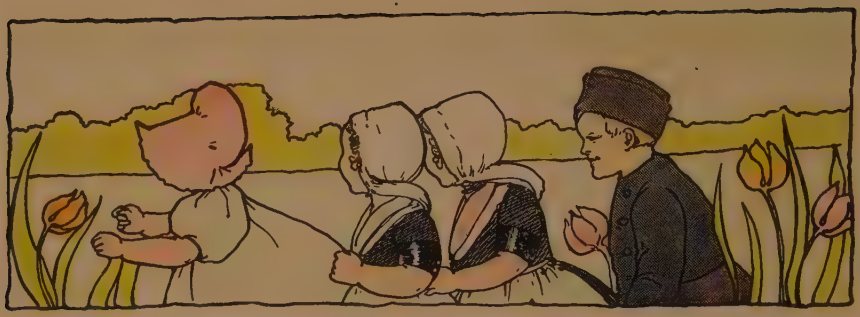
Sometimes the jackets are made of black velvet, with gold or silver buttons on them.

The boys and men like to wear big silver buttons at the waist and small gold buttons to fasten their neckscarfs. They wear big wooden shoes, too. Some Dutch boys and girls have pretty velvet shoes for best.

Hans always dressed like a real little Zeeland Dutchman, and he was a jolly one, too.

How he laughed to see his sister Betje dressed like a Sunbonnet Baby! And how he laughed again when Molly and May tried to run in their big wooden shoes and long petticoats!

Something Happens



SOMETHING HAPPENS

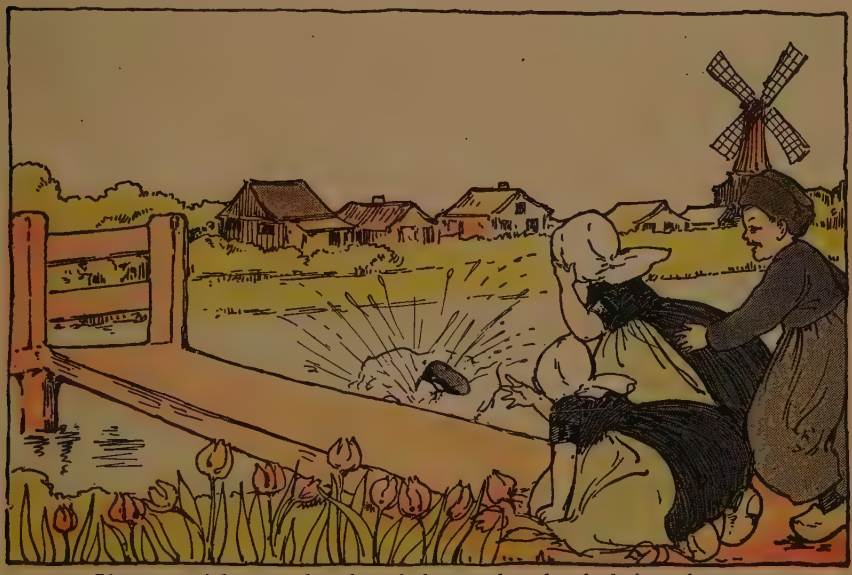
"Let's go to the windmill and show Vader," cried Betje. "I am sure he never can guess which is Molly and which is May now, and I do not believe he will even know his own Betje."

So they ran out the front door and through the little garden, as fast as their strange clothes would let them. First Betje and Molly, then May, and then Hans. (Hans wanted to see the fun.)

But just before they came to the footbridge which led across the canal from the garden to the street, something happened. It might have been still more dreadful if Hans had not been running close behind the girls.

No one knew just how it happened, but Molly said that one of May's big wooden shoes fell off and that she ran into it.

Anyway, in a jiffy Molly had fallen against May, and May had fallen against Betje, and down they all went into a bed of beautiful tulips!



She went right over the edge of the canal and splash into the water

But Betje was running so fast, and fell so hard, she could not stop in the tulip bed. She went right over the edge of the canal and splash into the water!

Betje was used to falling into the water with her own clothes on, and she always got herself out easily, but now it was different.

The big, wet sunbonnet fell over her face,

so she could not see. She really might have drowned if Hans had not been right there to pull her out.

Molly and May jumped out of the tulip bed as quickly as they could, but the beautiful broken tulips could never stand up again.

Of course the children were very sorry about the accident, but as soon as Betje could get her breath she said: "Oh, Molly, won't you please let me put on your dry clothes? I do want Vader to see me just once dressed like a Sunbonnet Baby."

So they went back into the house and Betje was dressed up this time in Molly's blue dress and pink sunbonnet.

Then they all took hold of hands, so that nothing might happen again, and they walked slowly away to the windmill.

The miller saw the two strange little Dutch girls, with the Sunbonnet Baby between them, coming slowly toward his mill.

As they came nearer he was sure he never had seen the little Dutch girls before, but he supposed, of course, that the Sunbonnet Baby was

"Look at me, Vader! Don't I make a nice Sunbonnet Baby?"

Molly, as the dress and sunbonnet were like hers.

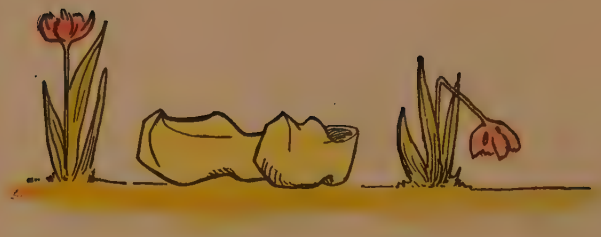
But suddenly this little Sunbonnet Baby ran up to him and jumped right into his arms and cried in her prettiest Dutch, "Look at me, Vader! Just look! Don't I make a nice Sunbonnet Baby?"

Her father held her just as he had held Molly and May when he met them at the boat. He peeped under her big sunbonnet and cried, "Oh, oh! What a beautiful Sunbonnet Baby! What a dear little Sunbonnet Lady!"

Then he looked down at the two little Dutch girls standing so quietly in front of him, and how he laughed!

He laughed until Tante Anna came hurrying to the mill to see what had happened. Then she laughed, too.

She did not scold a bit when she heard about the accident, for she knew that the big wooden shoe was to blame.



A Letter to the Overall Boys

A LETTER TO THE OVERALL BOYS

One day the Sunbonnet Babies wrote a letter to the Overall Boys. No, it took all of their spare time for a whole week to write it. This is the letter they wrote:

Dear Jack and Joe and Tim and Ted:

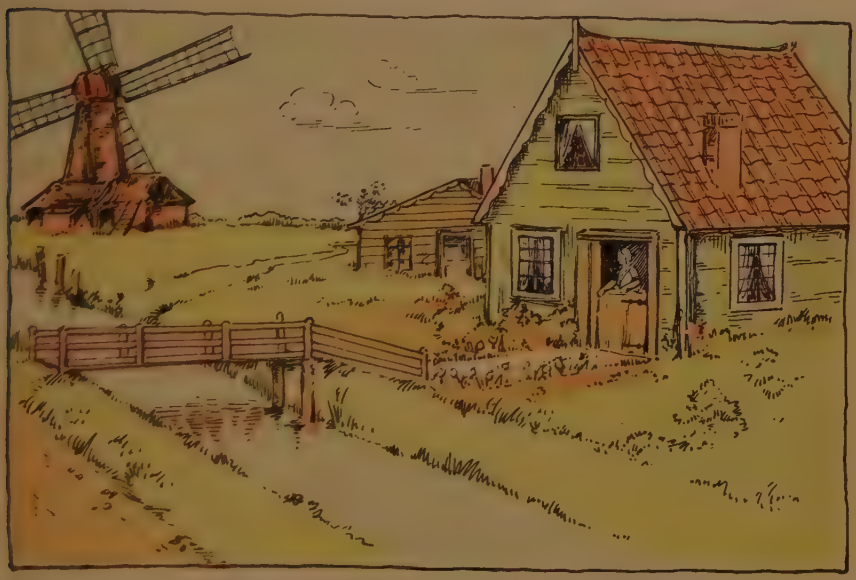
We *must* tell you about Uncle Jan's lovely little house.

It is really not much larger than our playhouse at home. It is painted red and green and white, and there is a lovely garden all around it, just full of flowers, flowers, flowers!

Beside the garden there is a narrow canal which you boys could almost jump across.

The little footbridge over the canal swings to one side for boats to pass, then it swings back again when people want to go over it.

Wouldn't you like to have a canal in front of your house in America? It is lots better than a fence (except when you fall into it).



Uncle Jan's house

Houses in this part of Holland are built on posts driven down into the soft, wet ground. There are no cellars, so the stone floors are no higher than the yards outside.

When we walk into the front door of Uncle Jan's house, we look right through the little hall into the pretty garden back of the house.

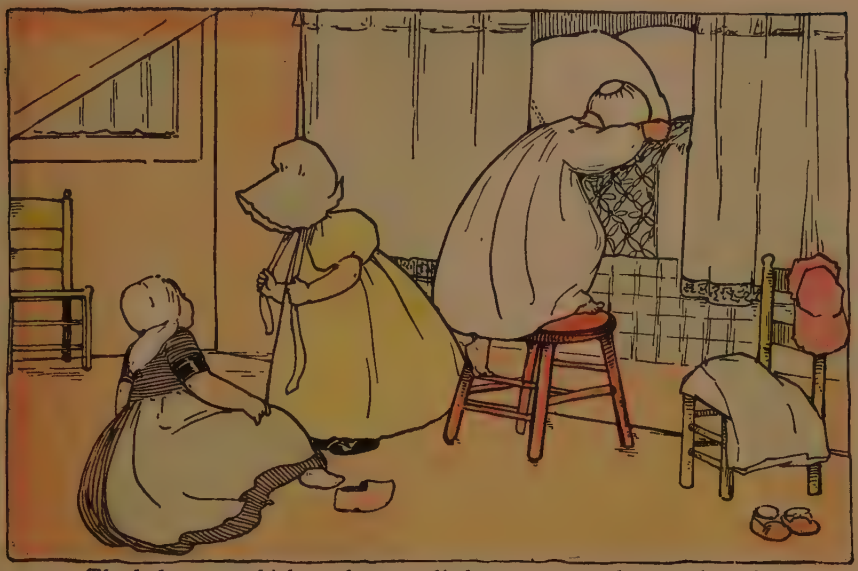
To one side of the hall is a dear little parlor, filled with chairs and footstools and tables. On one of the tables is a brass teakettle and lovely blue and white cups and saucers.

There is a cupboard in the wall with Tante Anna's beautiful china and silver in it. Some of the pieces once belonged to her great-great-grandmother. She is *very* proud of them.

There is another cupboard in the wall, too, and you never could guess what is in it. It has two big white doors which look as if they might open into another room. But oh, no! When the doors are opened, there—right *inside* the wide cupboard—is a bed!

It is the best bed, and only the best company ever sleep in it. Our daddy and mother are sleeping there now. The pillows and coverlet are embroidered all over with beautiful blue flowers. Tante Anna embroidered them herself.

You will laugh when we tell you where *we* sleep. First we climb up some steep, narrow stairs, as steep and as narrow as a ladder. We carry a candle when we climb up at night, and in the morning we creep down backwards.

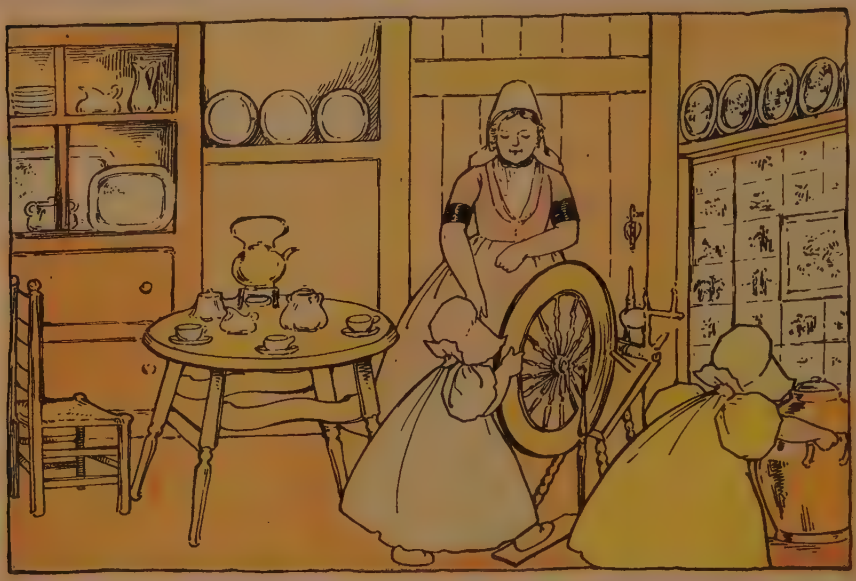


The beds are so high we have to climb up on a stool to get into them

At the top of the ladder are two small, low rooms. One is an open room, like an attic. The wet clothes are hung there on washing day. There are showers nearly every day in Holland, so it is hard to dry clothes out of doors.

Hans sleeps in a little bed built under the roof in the open room. We sleep in the other little room, and so does Betje.

Our beds are built in the wall under the sloping roof. They are so high we have to climb up on a stool to get into them.



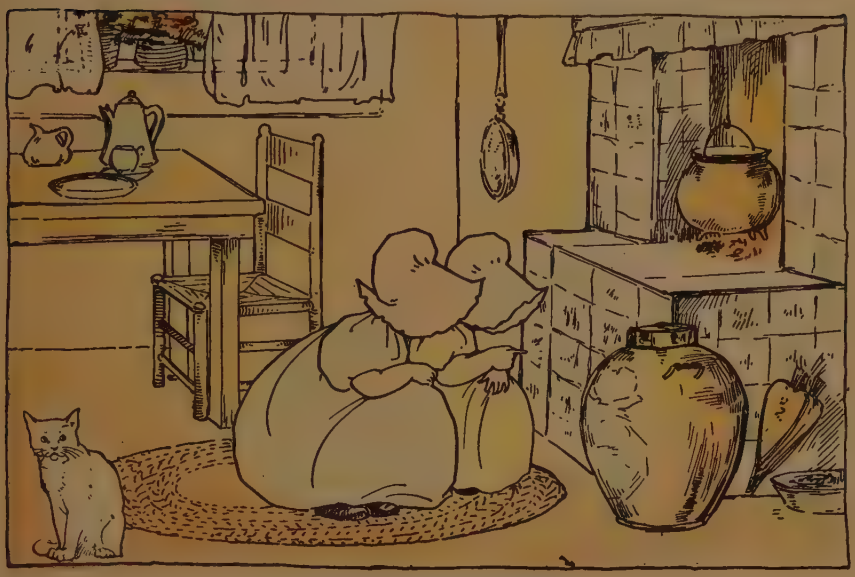
In Tante Anna's parlor

But Baby Mina's bed is the dearest of all. It is a little box fastened inside of her father's and mother's bed, just above the foot. It has the softest fluffy white pillows on it you ever saw.

Oom Jan is making a bed just like it for our dolls, so they can sleep every night right at the foot of our bed. Won't that be jolly?

The cupboard in which Oom Jan and Tante Anna and Baby Mina sleep is in the kitchen.

A Dutch kitchen is always the nicest room in the house, and sometimes it is the only room.



We look so fat and funny

Tante Anna's kitchen never has a speck of dust in it. The stone floor is scrubbed every day, and the brass kettles are as bright as mirrors. We have such fun looking at ourselves in them —we look so fat and funny.

A long-handled brass warming pan hangs by the fireplace. Tante Anna will fill it with hot coals and warm our bed with it when the nights are cold. But she is proudest of her handsome linen chest. She has enough linen and lovely lace caps in it to last as long as she lives.

Dutch women use their parlors only for very fine company or a funeral or a wedding, so our kitchen is a dining room and a sitting room and a bedroom, all in one.

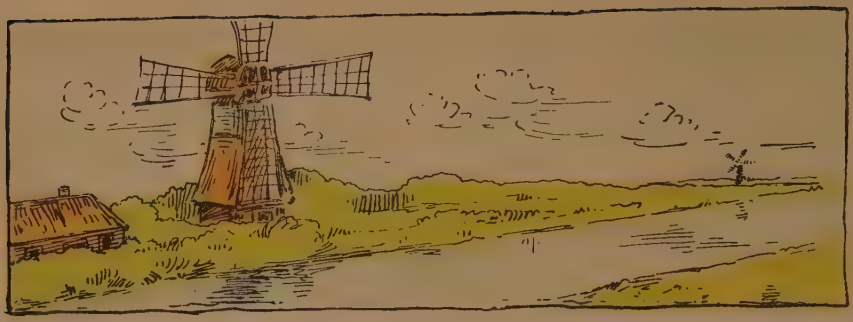
There are many more queer things we should like to tell you about, but Betje wants us to jump rope with her. We do not see how she can *ever* jump in her big wooden shoes, but she says she can.

Hans and Betje and Mina send love to you. And here is a great deal of love from

Your two Sunbonnet cousins,

MOLLY AND MAY.

The Windmill



THE WINDMILL

"Blow, wind, blow!
And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn."

This is what May was singing one windy, windy morning.

"I believe the wind always blows here in Holland," said Molly. "I believe it blows just because so many windmills must be worked."

"So do I," said May. "Let's ask Oom Jan to take us up inside of his windmill."

"Blow, wind, blow!
And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;"

sang May again, and away they ran to the windmill.

"What is that you are singing?" asked Oom Jan. "Millers never grind corn in Holland, bakers never make it into rolls, people never eat it. We think corn is good only for cows and pigs."

"So you never have hot corn muffins for breakfast?" asked May. "I am glad I live in America, aren't you, Molly?"

"Yes, indeed, I am! But why do you always wear those queer blue and white striped clothes when you work, Oom Jan? You make me think of a big gingham doll."

"Oh, but I am not a gingham doll. I am just a Dutch miller man. Dutch miller men always wear gingham clothes. We like to keep clean, and gingham clothes can be washed every day. You know how it is with your pretty gingham dresses."

"Yes, we know," answered Molly. "May we climb up to the platform of your mill, Oom Jan?"

"I believe we can see the whole of Holland from up there," said May. "It must look like a big picture book, with cows and canals and windmills and white clouds everywhere."

"Perhaps it does," said Oom Jan. "We will go up and see."

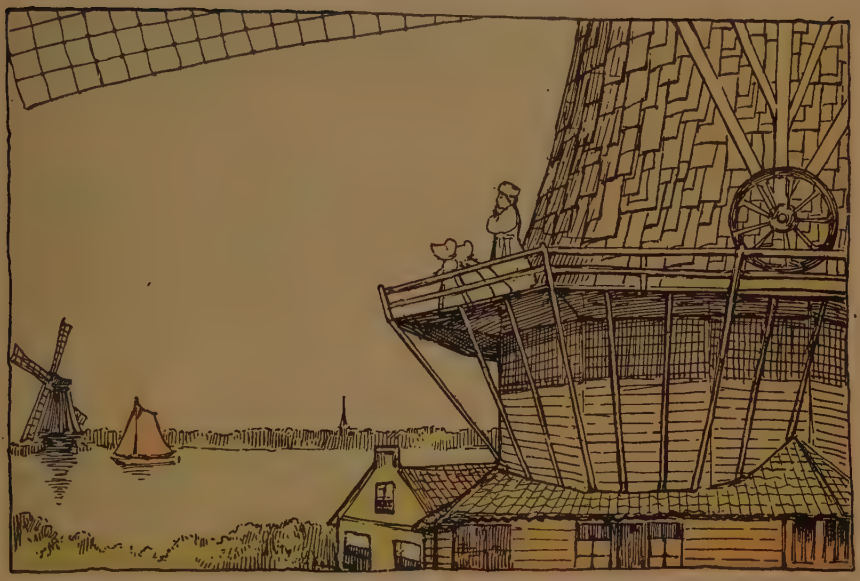
Dutch miller men like to wear gingham clothes

Then they all climbed up two tall ladders inside the windmill to the high platform.

"Oh! oh! It *is* a really truly Picture Book Land," cried May. "I knew it was."

"Oom Jan, why are there so many windmills in Holland, and what do they all do?" asked Molly.

"Well," said Oom Jan. "You see, our land is very low. Much of it is lower than the water around it, so windmills are used to pump the water from the low canals up into the larger and higher canals. We are building steam mills to



On the platform of the mill

help do this work now. We build dikes along the sides of the canals to keep the water from running back again over the low fields."

"Do all windmills pump water?" asked May.

"Oh, no! That blue and brown one makes paper. That big one over there is a sawmill. That square one makes oil from linseed, and I grind wheat into flour in mine, you know."

"The wind does most of the work for you, Vader," said Betje.

"Yes, the wind moves the great arms, and

the arms move the machinery," said Uncle Jan. "In America such work is done by water or steam or electricity, is n't it, you wise little girls?"

"Oh, I suppose so!" said Molly. "But I like wind better. I think windmills are just lovely! They are so big and so strong, and you paint them such beautiful colors. When the wind blows I always want to say:

'O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song,
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?'"

Market Day

MARKET DAY

"It is Thursday morning!" shouted Hans. "It is market day! The horse is harnessed. Are you all ready to start?"

Early every Thursday morning Vader, Moeder, Hans, Betje, Baby Mina, and Molly and May drove to market in their fine blue and white wagon with red wheels.

Uncle Jan's home was a mile outside of the town, and the market place was a big open square right in the center of the town.

Every Thursday the square was turned into a great open-air store or market.

Long rows of covered booths were put up in the morning and taken down at night. Each booth was like a tiny store.

On market day Oom Jan and Tante Anna

Driving to town on market day

bought things to last the family a whole week. They bought things to wear and things to eat.

People wore their best Sunday clothes to market, and they talked and visited with each other a great deal. Everybody liked market day.

"Isn't this fun!" cried Molly, as they drove along the rocky road in their brightly painted wagon. "This is the really truly way to go to market, to market, to buy a plum bun! I suppose we'll go home again, home again, when market is done."

"Do they really have plum buns to sell in your market?" asked May.

"Yes, indeed, fine ones!" said Hans. "And oh, Moeder," he asked in his queer Dutch language, "may Molly and May and Betje and I go about in the market all alone to-day? And may we have a gulden to spend?"

Of course Moeder said yes. She knew Hans would take care of the little girls, and what fun they would have spending a whole gulden.

At last they came to the busy market place. Each little girl took a big basket on her arm, and off they went with Hans.

Dutch men never carry market baskets, so of course Hans did not carry one. With hands in his pockets, he strutted off like a real man.

The market place was very gay. People had come many a mile to buy and to sell things.

"Let's find the gingerbread booth the very first thing," said May. "I want some of those queer Dutch gingerbreads."

"So do I," said Molly; "those that look like boys and girls. We must not forget the plum buns. We have come to market specially for them."

"Well, here is the booth," said Hans. "You can buy gingerbreads and plum buns right here. But don't spend all the money yet. See that booth of balloons and kites over there. I want a kite."

The market place was very gay

"And I want a balloon," said Betje.

"And so do I!" "And so do I," cried Molly and May.

"How much is a gulden, Hans?" asked Molly. "Is it as much as an American dollar?"

"Oh, no!" said Hans. "I believe it is the same as forty of your cents. You have one

hundred cents in a dollar, and we have one hundred cents in a gulden, but your cent is two and one-half times as much as our cent."

"Do you mean," asked May, "that it takes two and one-half of your cents to make one of our little cents? And can you really buy anything with one of your cents?"

"Why, of course we can," said Hans. "Here is the candy booth. We can buy some candy for one cent a stick." And they did.

Then they each bought a gingerbread boy for two and one-half cents, and hurried to the balloon booth to buy balloons and kites.

Fish women

Over in a corner of the market place a long line of poor women sat. Each woman carried a heavy yoke on her shoulders. From each

end of the yoke hung a big basket full of fish.

These women were the wives of fishermen. They had come to market to sell the fish which their husbands had caught. Some of them had carried the heavy baskets very far.

Other market women carried baskets in the same way, with fruit and flowers and vegetables to sell.

A flower girl

The children walked about the market place, looking at everybody and at everything, until they were tired. So they bought a gingerbread doll for Baby Mina, and went back to the place where the horse and wagon had been left.

Oom and Tante and Baby Mina were already there, putting their full baskets into the back of the wagon.

"Shall we drive around by the butter market, Moeder?" asked Oom Jan.

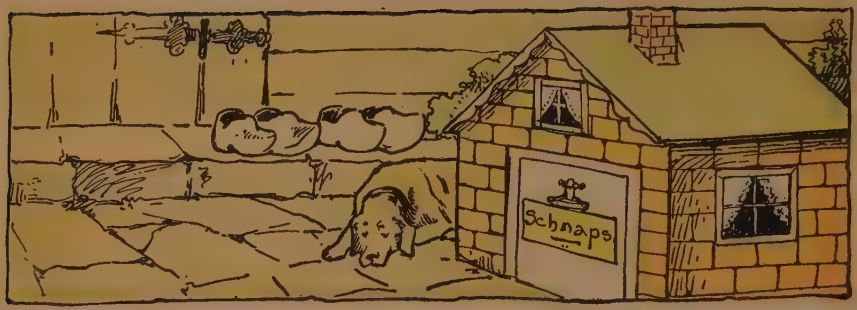
"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Tante Anna. "I almost forgot that I must buy butter and eggs."

So they drove to the butter market, which was in another part of the town.

Four round rolls of butter were wrapped in large green leaves and laid in Tante Anna's basket with one dozen eggs.

Many other women were buying butter and eggs, and they all wanted to talk with Tante Anna. They kept her talking a *very* long time, so the people sitting in the blue and white wagon with red wheels were *very* hot and *very* hungry when at last they drove up to the little green house beside the great windmill.

At Work



AT WORK

A fine toy windmill stood beside the canal in Oom Jan's garden. Hans had built it. When the wind blew, the little mill really pumped water up from the canal for his mother to wash with.

Hans built, too, a handsome house for his tame pigeons. He fastened the little house high on the red roof of his own big house, and there the pigeons lived.

The pigeons were trained to do many clever things. They liked to fly about town carrying small Dutch flags or letters in their beaks

But the house which Hans built for his dog Schnaps was *very* fine indeed.

The outside of the house was painted to look like bricks. The painted windows had painted lace curtains. There was a red chimney on the green roof, there was a real brass knocker on

the white front door, and there was a brass doorplate with "Schnaps" in big letters on it.

Yes, Schnaps lived in a very fine house, but Schnaps was a very useful dog.

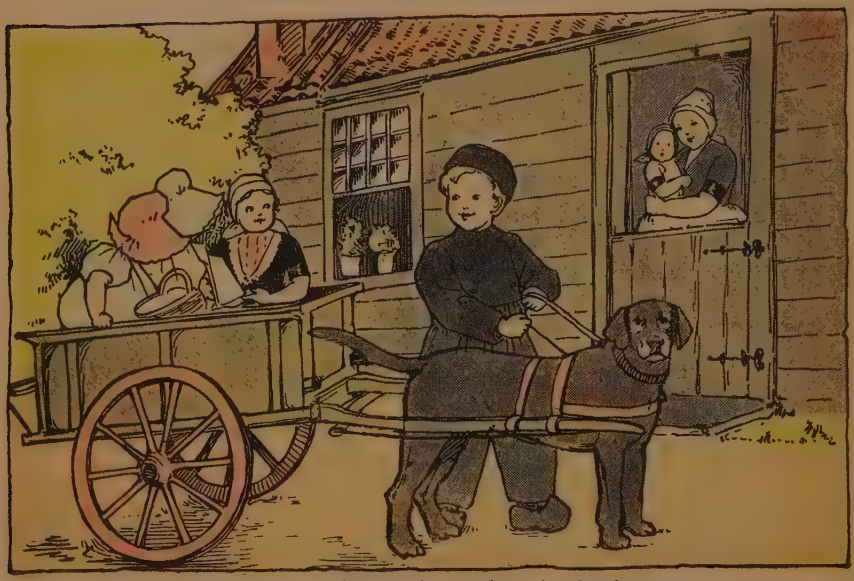
He had a real leather harness which was made purposely for him, and he had a real little cart in which to haul things.

Every day Hans would harness his dog and do errands for his father.

Sometimes he drove into the country to get a load of wheat from a farmer. His father ground the wheat into flour in his windmill. He then put it into bags, and Schnaps hauled it back again to the farmer.

One morning Tante Anna said to the children: "Would you like to have a picnic to-day? Would you like to take Schnaps and drive to the seashore? And would you like to bring home a load of white sand for me? I need some to use in scrubbing my floors."

"Yes, yes! Of course we should like to go!" shouted four happy voices all in Dutch. (Molly and May could speak Dutch very well now, for two little American girls.)



Hans takes the girls to the seashore in the dog-cart

"I will harness Schnaps as fast as I can," said Hans. "You girls help Moeder get the lunch ready. Let's take the sailboat that I made. It will be fun to sail it on the North Sea."

"And I shall take my shovel and pail to help load the sand," said Betje.

Then there was a great clattering of wooden shoes. In a few minutes everything was ready, and they were off.

The three little girls rode in the cart, while Hans ran along beside them, driving Schnaps.

It was a long way to the seashore. But at last they came to the high dike which keeps the water in the North Sea from flooding their pretty island.

They rode right up to the top of the "green rim," as May called it. Then they rode down, down, to the sandy beach on the other side.

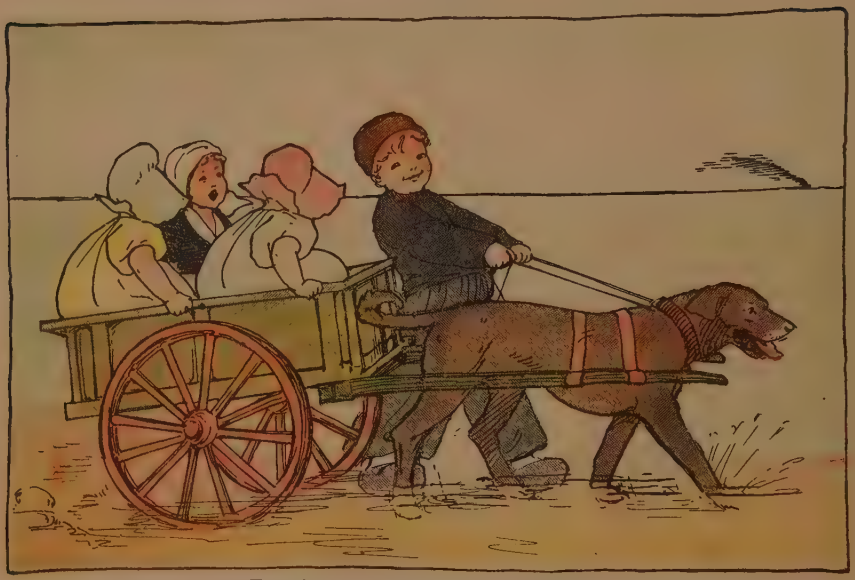
Everything would have gone all right if Schnaps had not been running so fast. But when he came to the water's edge he could not stop, though perhaps he did not want to. In he went, cart and little girls and Hans all close behind him.

What a barking and screaming and splashing there was!

Schnaps thought it was great fun. He knew how to swim, and he was not afraid of the water. But the little girls were sure that the cart would tip over and that they would all be drowned, so of course they screamed.

"Hans! Hans! Help! Help!" they all cried.

But Hans *was* helping. He held tight to the reins, and followed Schnaps bravely into the water. Together they turned the cart around, and soon had it back on dry land.



Together they turned the cart around

"There now," said Hans, "you are not the least bit wet. But what cowards you are! I wonder what you would do in a *real* shipwreck."

"Oh, if it were *real,* we should be brave," said Betje. "We should have to be brave."

"Hurrah!" shouted Hans. "The tide is out! Look at the little ponds it has left. We can sail our boat on them. I will fill the boat with dry sand and sail it across this pond to you girls. Then you must put the sand in the cart. Here goes the first load!"

"Here goes the first load!"

Just at that moment a great gust of wind came from over the sea. The tiny boat shivered, and shook her sails. The wind was too strong.

"Oh!" cried Molly, "our load has gone to the bottom of the sea. Do save the ship, Hans!"

"I have her," cried Hans. "The next time I shall load her more carefully."

"Betje, may I take one of your wooden shoes?" called May. "It will make a fine freight boat. I will load it with sand and play that I live on the boat. I can push it along with

A wooden shoe makes a fine freight boat

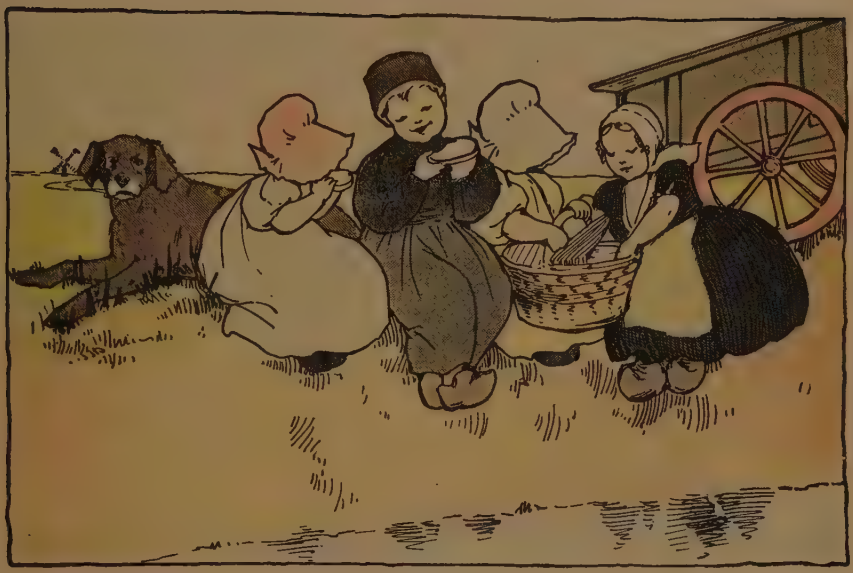
this pole, just as all the canal men do. Hans and I will have a cartload of sand for Tante Anna before we know it."

And they did, but Betje helped them. She filled her pail with sand many times, and made many deep holes in the smooth beach.

But suddenly,

"In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more."

"It is the tide!" cried Hans. "It is coming in fast! Here, Schnaps, pull the cart over the dike!



Lunch on the dike

Be quick! Our load of sand must not get wet."

Then Schnaps pulled hard, and Betje and Molly and May pushed hard, while Hans urged Schnaps to do his best.

In half a minute they were all on top of the broad, green dike, safely away from the incoming tide.

"I am hungry!" cried Hans.

"And I, too!"

"And I, too!"

"And I, too!" cried three other hungry voices.

"Let's eat our bread and cheese and fish right here." So they ate their bread and cheese and fish sitting on top of the broad dike.

They watched the big waves roll in over the sandy beach below, just where they had been playing. And they watched some men mend a weak place in the dike. They knew what dreadful things might happen if a dike broke through.

A great many men work all the time taking care of the dikes in Holland.

At last the children started for home with their load of sand, walking over the rough stones of the narrow road.

Betje always carried some knitting in her deep pocket. She made her needles fly fast on the way home, skipping and laughing and knitting her stocking all at the same time.

Kermis Week

KERMIS WEEK

"Hurrah! Kermis begins to-day!" shouted Hans. "Everybody is hurrying to town."

"What is Kermis, Hans?" cried Molly.

"And why is everybody going to town?" asked May.

"Why, the last week in August every year is Kermis week," said Hans. "Then even Vader and Moeder play and have a good time. Come, and I will show you what we do."

A few minutes later four little people were hurrying, hand in hand, over the rocky road toward town. They all wore big wooden shoes, which Hans and Betje called "klompen."

Molly and May found klompen much better for rocky roads and wet fields than their own thin shoes. And they were quite sure that the whole of Holland was either rocky or wet.

They found the market place filled with booths

The little "foot-boats" kept their feet quite comfortable, as they raced away to town.

They found the market place filled with booths and merry-go-rounds and people.

The people all wore their prettiest Sunday clothes. The boys and their fathers wore their biggest silver buttons and black velvet trousers, while the girls and their mothers wore their finest lace caps and gold spangles.

There were many kinds of caps and spangles that Molly and May had never seen before.

People had come to Kermis from all the villages near by. In each village the caps were made in a different style, so it was easy to tell where a little girl lived by looking at her cap.

The Dutch children could tell, too, that Molly and May were little American girls because of their sunbonnets.

"How do you like it?" asked Hans at last. "Shall we buy a balloon? See, there is a man with his hands full of handsome ones to sell."

"Oh, it's jolly!" cried May. "Yes, let's buy balloons. I want a red one."

"Then let's have a ride in the turning mill," said Betje.

"Do you mean in that merry-go-round?" asked Molly. "I suppose you call it a turning mill because it turns around like a windmill."

"I suppose so," said Betje. "There is a music box inside of it, which plays when the mill turns."

"Oh, I am going to ride on the back of that camel!" shouted Hans.

"And I on the back of the big fish," said Betje.

The merry-go-round

"Then we will ride in the little boat," said the Sunbonnet Babies.

So up they climbed—Hans on to his camel, Betje on to her big fish, and Molly and May into their queer little boat.

Round and round they flew, and round and round they flew again. Three times they flew round and round in the Dutch turning mill.

Then the music box stopped playing, the turning mill stopped turning, and everybody jumped to the ground.

To pay for their ride, they each put a tiny piece of money into a cup which an old woman held. It was very small pay, for the little piece of money was not worth one half of an American cent. But the old woman looked happy as she jingled the money in her cup.

"Come on, everybody, and play this Kermis game!" shouted a jolly Dutch boy.

Now the jolly Dutch boy's name was Fritz, and there were lots of other jolly boys and girls playing with Fritz.

"All right," said Hans. "But what is the game?"

"Will one of the Sunbonnet Babies let me tie this handkerchief over her eyes?" asked Fritz. "Then you will see what the game is."

"Oh, I will!" said May.

"And I will!" said Molly.

But Fritz tied the handkerchief over May's eyes, perhaps because she answered him first.

Before covering her eyes, Fritz showed May a basket of flowers hanging about ten feet away. He gave her a stick and turned her round and

round three times. Then he said, "Now hit the basket of flowers,—if you *can*."

"Oh, that will be easy!" said May.

She took her steps very slowly, ten of them,

"Now hit the basket of flowers"

then she raised her stick and struck hard at the flower basket,—but it was not there.

How the children laughed and shouted!

May pulled the handkerchief quickly off from her eyes, and then she laughed, too.

She had walked straight away from the flowers and had struck into the air at *nothing*.

The bag race

"Now for the bag race," said Fritz. "Four boys must be tied up in these stout bags. The boy who can run the fastest and the farthest in a bag gets a jackknife for a prize."

It is not easy to run tied up in a bag, but it is fun. Try it and see. Molly and May thought they had never before seen anything so funny. They laughed until they cried.

One boy fell down and couldn't get up again, though he kept trying very hard.

Another boy rolled over and over, like a ball.

The third boy took tiny, tiny steps, but he could not go fast or far.

But the fourth boy was smarter than all the others. He hopped with both feet, just like a frog. He hopped halfway across the market place, and then he hopped back again. That night the jackknife went home with him in his big trousers pocket.

"Now let's have some poffertjes to eat," said Betje. "I am hungry."

"So am I," said Molly. "But what are poffertjes?"

"They are delicious little Kermis cakes. Come, and we will have some."

So they went to a booth where a Dutch woman sat on a high stool beside a fire. Above the fire was a large iron pan, with hollows the size of a silver dollar all over it.

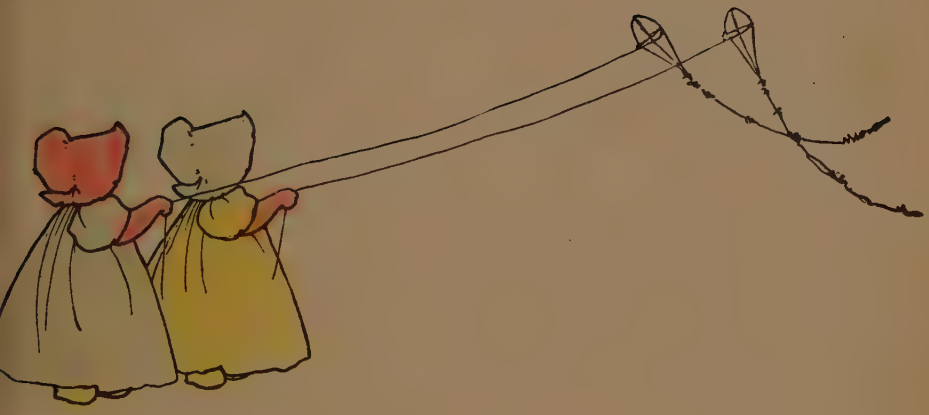
Near the woman was a bowl of batter, made of buckwheat flour and water and yeast.

The woman dipped her long ladle into the batter and quickly filled all the hollows in the hot, buttered pan.

A man turned the little cakes with a long fork, and in a minute they were done. He piled twenty-four of them on a plate, with a little pat of butter and a big sprinkling of sugar, and then he called: "Here are your poffertjes, my little Sunbonnet Lady!" and he passed them right out to May.

May had never before seen such greasy looking cakes. She bravely put one of them into her mouth, then she gave the rest *very* quickly to Betje, who ate them all.

Hans bought some hard-boiled eggs and a bag of candy and some big pickles, enough for everybody. Then he said, "It's time to go home, girls, but we will come to Kermis tomorrow. It lasts a whole week, you know."



A Canal Trip

A CANAL TRIP

One morning the postman brought two letters for Molly and May.

One letter was from their father and mother, who were in the beautiful city of Paris.

The other letter was from the Holland grandmother, whom they had never seen. This is what she wrote (of course the words which she used were Dutch):

Edam, Holland

DEAR SUNBONNET GRANDDAUGHTERS:

Your grandfather and I want to see our little American granddaughters, and we want you to see our Edam farm, where your father lived when he was a little boy. So we invite you to visit us.

How would you like to ride on the

canals all the way from Oom Jan's Zeeland home up to our Edam farm?

Your Oom Dirk is carrying down a load of rocks on his barge, to be used in mending the dikes around your island. It would make him *very* happy to bring back a load of Sunbonnet Babies to us.

You may expect him to call for you soon. Tell him to be sure that you get here before St. Nicholas Day.

With much love from

YOUR HOLLAND GRANDMOTHER.

It was hard for the Sunbonnet Babies to say good-by to Tante Anna and to Oom Jan and to the big windmill where they had had so much fun. And it was very hard to say good-by to Hans and to Betje and to Baby Mina.

But they knew it would be great fun to ride for days and days in a Dutch boat on the water roads of Holland. Their father and mother were going up to the Edam farm to spend St. Nicholas Day, too. They said so in their letter.

The canal boat

So Molly and May packed their trunks, and one day, very soon, Oom Dirk's barge sailed up the broad canal close to Oom Jan's windmill.

There were many surprises for the Sunbonnet Babies on their uncle's boat. They found that it was his home, and that their Tante Marta and Cousin Bram and the dog Toon lived on it, too.

The family was always taking long journeys on the boat. Sometimes they carried a load of cheese or vegetables away over into Germany

to sell, and they often brought back a load of stone for building dikes and roads.

The barge was a handsome one, with great brown sails that pulled hard in the wind.

When there was no wind Bram or his mother or his father pushed the barge on with a long pole.

And so they traveled, sailing and poling all summer—and all winter, too, when the canals were not frozen.

The Sunbonnet Babies were delighted with the strange, floating house.

"We must see every corner of it," Molly said. "You must show us everything, Bram."

"All right," said Bram. "This is where we sleep, and you are going to sleep here, too."

Then he showed them a little room with two beds on each side, one above the other. A heavy curtain hung between the two sets of beds, making two very tiny rooms.

"It is a real little playhouse!" cried May. "Look, Molly, there is a canary bird in a small cage hanging in the tiny window with lace curtains."

"And see Tante Marta's lovely flowers and

the shiny brass kettles and pans," said Molly.

The barge was almost as long as the Sunbonnet Babies' house in America, but it was very low and narrow.

The load of rocks or vegetables was carried in the front half of the barge, while the family lived in the back part.

At first Molly and May thought there would not be much room for play, but when Bram showed them all his games they were sure his barge was the finest playground in the world.

Bram's dog Toon could do all sorts of queer tricks. The children had great fun running races and playing tag with him. But flying kites was the most fun.

Bram made a handsome kite for each of the Sunbonnet Babies. On May's kite he painted a big flying bluebird, and on Molly's kite he painted a long-legged stork.

"Here's a fine gale of wind for our kites," Bram said one morning. "See how fast the big sails are pulling our barge along. We shall have no poling to do to-day."

So they let out their kites into the wind,

The kite had caught on one of the long arms of the windmill

holding them by strong cords. They raced from one end to the other of the long boat, and the kites flew high into the air.

The kites really helped to pull the barge along much of the time, for the wind came from behind.

As they sailed through a curious little village they saw an old windmill close by the canal. The arms of the mill were fastened so they could not swing in the wind.

Suddenly Molly cried: "See that great bird

standing on top of the old windmill! It has only one long leg. Is it really a bird, Bram?"

"Why, yes, of course! That is a stork. He has built a nest up there. He is resting now on one leg. Isn't he a beauty!"

Molly was so interested in the stork she forgot all about her kite, and before she knew it the kite was caught in one of the long arms of the windmill.

The stork flapped his great wings and flew away in a fright, his two long legs hanging out behind.

"Oh, Molly," cried May, laughing, "that stork looks like your kite flying away up into the sky!"

"But it isn't my kite," cried Molly. "How am I ever going to get it again? Just see, I cannot move it!"

"Bram will soon make it move for you," said Uncle Dirk. Then he sailed his barge up close beside the windmill, and Bram climbed quickly to the long arm.

In a minute the kite was free, and away it flew after the frightened stork. The flying kite and the flying stork really did look something alike.

Some days they sailed through rich green pastures

So the barge sailed along, day after day. Some days the wind carried it and some days it had to be poled.

Some days it sailed through large cities and under handsome stone bridges.

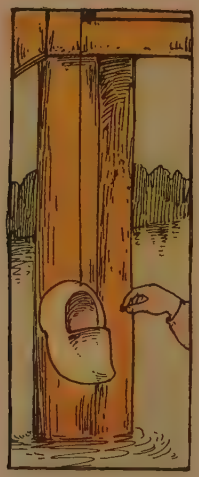
Other days it sailed through rich, green pastures, where hundreds of black and white cows were feeding.

The pastures were often many feet lower than the water in the brimful canals on which the barge sailed.

The Sunbonnet Babies were afraid that the water would spill over the edge of the dikes and drown the handsome cows, but it never did.

When they entered a town Molly and May always begged to pay the toll. They liked to jingle the coppers into the big wooden shoe or basket which was lowered to them by a man standing on a bridge above.

One morning, when Molly and May were paying toll, Bram shouted: "Hurrah! This is Edam. We shall soon see grandfather's farm. Hurrah!"



In Edam

IN EDAM

Sure enough, away out in the field was a low, vine-covered house. Little houses for the geese, the hens, the pigs, and the dog were snuggled close around it.

A narrow white path between two long, straight rows of trees led up to the open door of the house. No, the door was only half open; the bottom half was shut.

In the old-fashioned Dutch door stood the dear Dutch grandmother, waiting to welcome the Sunbonnet Babies.

A flock of big white geese ran to welcome them, too, and with them came a little black kitten and a great brown dog.

The geese looked so fierce and made such a noise, Molly and May were almost afraid. But

Bram was not afraid, so they walked bravely on, keeping close beside him.

"What a lovely place this is!" cried May.

The geese looked so fierce and made such a noise, Molly and May were almost afraid

"Are we really going to stay here until after St. Nicholas comes?"

"Of course you are, you dear little American granddaughters," said the grandmother. Then, when they had all left their wooden shoes in a row in the long hall, there was a real Dutch welcome.

The Sunbonnet Babies began looking about at once, and soon they were asking questions.

"Oh, grandfather," asked May, "what are those things hanging up in the great chimney of your fireplace?"

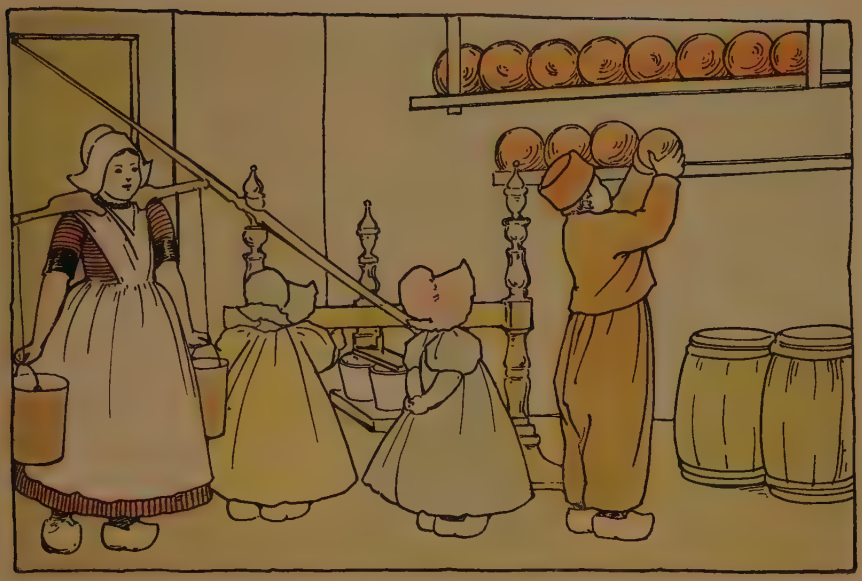
"They are sausages and hams and fish which we are smoking for winter use," said grandfather, smiling at his surprised little granddaughter.

"Is this the only room in your house, grandmother?" asked Molly.

"Oh, no! We have a bedroom right through that door. But of course we never use it unless we have *very* fine company, like our little American granddaughters and their dear parents. Your grandfather and I sleep in a wall bed here in the kitchen. So do Bram and his father and mother, when they are with us."

"Now let us show you the best room in the house," said grandfather.

Then he opened a door near the fireplace and they all stepped into—a room full of black and white cows! There were twenty. Molly counted them.



In the dairy

Some of the cows wore blue cloth jackets. It was a cold fall day, and the cows had just come in from the pasture. They wore the jackets to keep them warm.

Their tails were tied by loose pulleys to the ceiling of the room, and Molly and May easily guessed why.

A rosy-cheeked Dutch maid was milking the cows. Such quarts and quarts of rich, creamy milk as she was getting!

On the walls of the room hung shining brass

pails and pitchers and pretty blue jugs and bowls. Up above was kept the hay to feed the cows in winter.

The room was as clean and sweet as the grandmother's kitchen.

"Well, what do you think of my cow parlor?" asked grandfather.

"It is just lovely!" said Molly. "And oh, grandfather, may we see where the maid is carrying those two pails of milk on that queer yoke?"

"Why, yes, she is going to the dairy. We can go, too," said grandfather.

So they followed the maid into a tiny house near by. It was spotlessly clean. A boy was just taking some round, yellow cheeses out of the press and placing them in rows on the high shelves.

"Is this where you make all your butter and Edam cheese?" asked May.

"Yes," said grandfather, "and to-morrow we must take those cheeses on the shelves to market. Saturday is always cheese-market day in Edam."

The cheeses were put on a queer, low cart

Next morning the three children were up bright and early, ready to drive to market with grandfather. They took thirty-six round, yellow cheeses with them, and they piled them in neat rows on the stone pavement of the market place.

Other farmers brought their cheeses also. There were hundreds of the yellow balls lying in piles all over the market place.

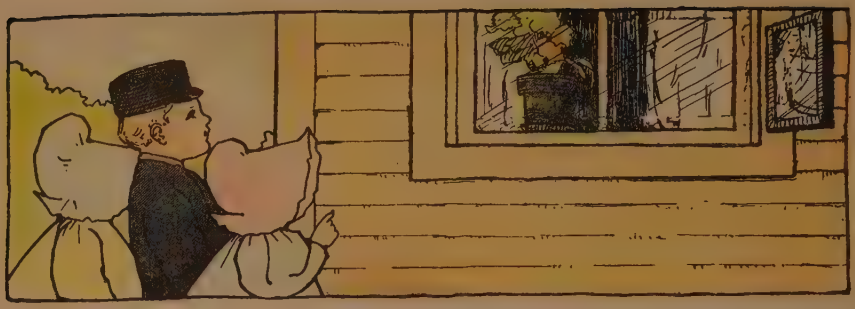
Very soon a man from the city looked at grandfather's pile. He talked a long time about the price, but at last the cheeses were put on a

queer, low cart without wheels, and two men, dressed all in white, carried them off to be weighed.

Then grandfather and the city man shook hands three times very hard, and the cheeses were sold. (Shaking hands always closes a bargain in Holland.)

But the cheeses needed to be kept at least six months longer, and grow very moldy, before they were really good to eat. The mold could then be washed off and the cheeses painted red and sold in the city stores.

Going to Church



GOING TO CHURCH

The next day was Sunday.

"Are we all going to church this morning?" asked grandfather.

"Of course we are," said grandmother. "And it is time to start now. Where are my smelling salts?"

The little green bottle of smelling salts was quickly found, and grandmother put it into the large pocket under her black silk apron. Some peppermint candy and a tiny bottle of cologne went into the same roomy pocket. But her Psalm Book, with its beautiful gold clasps, grandmother carried in her hand.

As they walked along the narrow streets to the great stone church, the Sunbonnet Babies saw much to interest them.

"Isn't it odd," said Molly, "to see the houses painted such bright colors?"

"Yes, do look at that house in the lovely garden," said May. "It is painted robin's-egg blue. The window frames are pink. The door is green with a shiny brass knocker, and the roof is made of red tiles. Did you ever see so many colors on one house before?"

"I am sure I never did," said Molly. "But look at the china cat sitting on the point of the roof!"

"Oh, dear! She looks as if she might jump right down onto any one who dared to go into the garden."

"I should like to try going in," said Molly, "it is such a lovely garden. See the dear little summer-house built right over the canal! What a fine place that would be for tea parties!"

A great church tower

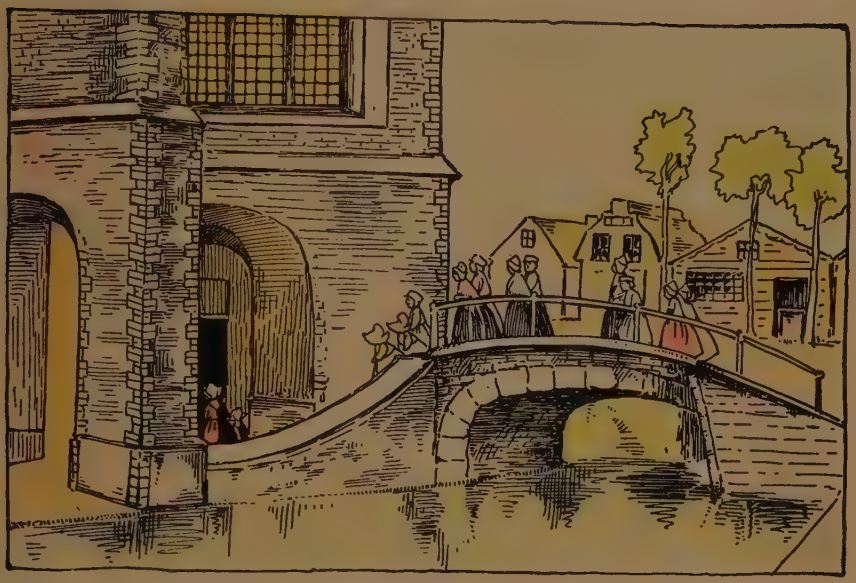
"And just look at those strange little trees!" cried May. "They have been clipped into different shapes. There is a rooster and an elephant and a lion and a swan all in a row. They look like a circus parade."

"Grandfather says they are small box trees," said Molly, "Holland people are famous for making trees grow in strange shapes. Sometimes the trees are clipped to look like ships and windmills and tables and chairs. They are often sold to people living in other parts of the world."

"Let's ask father to buy some for our yard at home," said May. "But look! What is that little mirror for, Bram? It is close beside that window, just above the sidewalk. Why do people want mirrors on the *outside* of their houses?"

"Why, so the women can sit in their parlors and see who is passing without leaning out of the window," said Bram. "When some one raps at the door, they look into the mirror to see who it is before going down to let her in."

"Oh, what curious people!" laughed May.



On the way to the church

"They want to see everybody without being seen themselves. I suppose they are watching us go by now."

"Of course they are," said grandmother. "They would not miss seeing two little Sunbonnet Babies for anything."

"Oh, my! We are not half so queer as those little girls ahead of us," said Molly. "How odd they look! The left side of each little girl's dress is bright red and the right side is black. I do believe their dresses are put together wrong."

They slipped quietly through a small door into the great stone church

"Oh, no, no!" said Tante Marta. "They are little orphan girls. There is a fine home here in Edam for orphan children. The little girls' dresses are always made with one side red and the other side black. Some day we will go to see the children in their big home, but now here we are at the church."

Then grandfather and grandmother and Oom Dirk and Tante Marta and Bram and the Sunbonnet Babies slipped quietly through a small side door into the great stone church.

The women and little children sat by themselves in one part of the church

Each woman who paid one cent was given a small box with a green bowl inside of it filled with red-hot peat. This was to keep her feet warm during the long service, for the great church was very cold and the sermon very long.

The men and big boys sat in one part of the church, while the women and little children sat in another part all by themselves.

Sometimes the tiny foot stoves smoked and made every one cough and sneeze. Then the women smelled of their salts, and put cologne

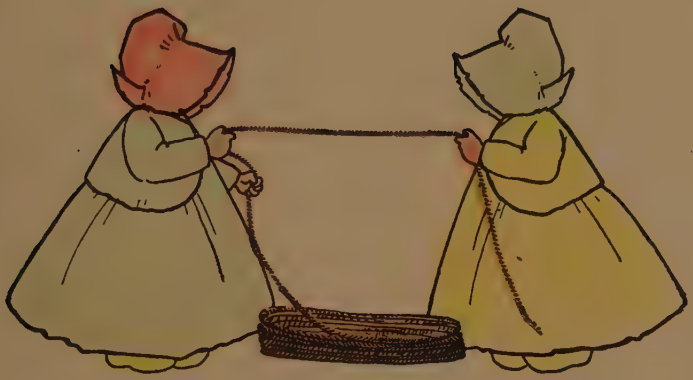
on their handkerchiefs, and gave peppermints to the children, so they rather liked to have the foot stoves smoke—all except Molly and May.

The collection bags were passed twice during the long service, once to gather money for poor people, and again for the church. Everybody was expected to put something into the bags each time, even though it was only a penny.

The schoolmaster led the singing of the Psalms, and all the people joined in the slow, solemn music.

The Sunbonnet Babies were not used to sitting still so long, so grandmother had to give them peppermints every few minutes to keep them awake.

It would have been dreadful for them to fall asleep in church, though Molly and May were sure they saw some of the old folks nodding.



In the Fisherman's Home

IN THE FISHERMAN'S HOME

One day they had an invitation. Bram and Molly and May were invited to visit in a fisherman's home in Volendam.

Now Volendam is a pretty little fishing village on the Zuider Zee, not far from Edam.

So, early in the morning the children trudged in great glee along the top of the broad dike that leads away to the Zuider Zee.

On one side of the dike was a row of tall trees and on the other side was a winding canal.

As they hurried along, they met a small houseboat coming up the canal.

"There goes our street car!" said Bram.

"What do you mean?" asked Molly. "That looks like a houseboat."

"It is a houseboat," said Bram. "But it

is our street car just the same. It runs every two hours between Edam and Volendam."

A man and his little daughter were walking along the dike, pulling the houseboat

"But look!" cried May. "A man and a little girl are pulling the houseboat along."

"Of course!" said Bram. "They always do when there is no wind to sail it."

Sure enough, a man and his little daughter were walking along the dike, pulling the houseboat through the water with a rope. A boy walked behind, pushing the boat with a long

pole to keep it in the middle of the canal and to help it along.

"Well, that is the slowest street car I ever saw," said May, laughing. "I hope the passengers are not in a hurry."

At last the children came to a little village. It was Volendam. The gayly painted houses were very small and very close together.

The children ran up some high steps in the narrow street, and there they stood on a big, broad dike with the great sea in front of them.

"Oh, it's the Zuider Zee!" cried May. "Where did all those sailboats come from?"

"They belong to the fishermen," said Bram. "To-day is Saturday. They are coming home after the week of fishing on the Zuider Zee. Look! There is Jan van Steen's boat just coming in! It is marked V D 158. That means that the owner lives in Volendam and his number is 158. Hello, Jan! May I help bring your fish ashore?"

Then away Bram ran, leaving the Sunbonnet Babies standing all alone on the broad dike. No, no! They were not all alone. There were a great many fishermen's wives and fishermen's

Vrouw van Steen and her children

children on the dike, watching the boats come in. But Molly and May did not know any of them, so they felt very much alone.

All the little girls around them wore the prettiest white lace caps that Molly and May had ever seen. And the boys wore baggy trousers that came 'way down to their big wooden klompen. There were very big patches on some of the trousers and also on the faded red woolen shirts.

Just then Molly and May heard a kind Dutch voice saying:

"Good morning, little Sunbonnet Babies. I am Vrouw van Steen. I think you are the little girls who have come with Bram to visit us to-day. These are my children. Come, Willem, Paul, Anna, Fritz, and Wilhelmina, shake hands with the little American girls and ask them what their names are."

"We are Molly and May," said the Sunbonnet Babies. "We did come with Bram to visit some one, but now he has gone and left us all alone."

Then Willem, Paul, Anna, Fritz, and Wilhelmina took Molly and May by the hands and said, "Come, we will show you our father's fine boat." And away they all ran to join Bram on the fishing boat.

They helped Jan van Steen haul down his great brown sails and spread them out to be painted.

The big fishing nets were hung up on the tall masts to dry, and the baskets of fish were carried ashore to be counted and weighed and made ready to sell.

After they had climbed all over the fishing

boat and the work was all done, the little Dutch children took their company home to dinner.

They lived in a small green house that stood close behind the great dike. The high windows peeped over the top of the dike, keeping watch of the father's ship on the Zuider Zee.

"What a dear little house!" cried May, as she ran down the steps into the one bright room. "Do you eat and sleep and do everything else right here?"

"Of course we do," said Vrouw van Steen. "And now you are going to have some dinner with us."

It was not a big dinner. Fishermen cannot spend much money for fine food. They do not even eat fish often, for they must sell their fish to get money to buy warm clothes.

There was plenty of bread and porridge and coffee for dinner. And there was a lump of hard sugar on a string which Vrouw van Steen dropped into her cup of coffee to sweeten it a little. In a minute she pulled it out and dropped the same lump into each cup all around the table.

May's cup was the last one to be sweetened. When the sugar came to her it was a *very* small lump. And May thought it was too small ever to be used in coffee again.

As quick as a wink May put the lump of sugar into Wilhelmina's wide-open mouth

May was very hungry for some candy. Candy costs so much in Holland, children can buy very little of it. So May slipped the bit of sugar right into her mouth. But she could not swallow the string, and there it hung! What could she do?

Willem, Paul, Anna, Fritz, and Wilhelmina were all looking straight at it in *such* a disappointed way!

May did not mean to be selfish. As quick as a wink she had the lump of sugar out of her own mouth and into the wide-open mouth of Wilhelmina, who sat close beside her.

Dear little Wilhelmina was so surprised she almost swallowed the lump, string and all, and

"We live on the island of Marken"

every one at the table nearly choked from laughing at her.

After the jolly dinner was over, Jan van Steen said: "There is a fine breeze blowing this afternoon. Let's take a sail over to the island of Marken in my fishing boat. We will show these Sunbonnet Babies one of the queerest corners in Holland."

So they sailed away for two miles over the Zuider Zee. They sailed to the little low island of Marken, where the houses are built on tall

posts to keep them above the high waters of winter.

The Marken people say that only one horse has ever been on their island, and that only one tree grows there.

The men are all fishermen, like the Volendam men. But they do not look like the Volendam people, and they do not dress like the Volendam people. Indeed, they do not dress like any other people in the whole world.

Their queer clothes interested the Sunbonnet Babies very much. The little boys and girls dress just alike until they are six years old, except for their caps. A little boy's cap has a round spot on the back of it, about as large as a silver dollar, which a little girl's cap does not have.

A little Marken boy not yet six years old

When a boy is six years old his mother takes off his full skirts and puts short, baggy trousers on him, just like those his father wears.

But he must wear a bright-colored embroidered waist, and close cap, and a long curl on each side of his face, and stubby bangs for still another year.

Even though he dresses half like a girl, he struts around like a real boy. He helps take care of his father's sailboat and fishing nets. He learns how to make klompen, and carves his name and pretty figures on them.

One of these Marken boys invited Molly and May to visit his home.

On the walls of the one small room were many beautiful old plates and jugs. One of the wall beds was made up just for show, with beautiful embroidered linen. The tiny stove and brass kettles were so bright and clean they looked as if they had never been used.

It was a lovely little house inside, but it was very bare and poor looking outside.

Molly and May thought

A Marken boy just six years old

they would not like to live always in Marken. They found that most of the boys and girls, and even some of the grown people, had never been off the island in their whole lives.

"It must be dreadful never to see the beautiful world," said Molly, "the woods and the mountains and the great ocean."

At last Bram said they must say good-by to their Marken friends and hurry back to the Edam farm as fast as the wind and their feet could carry them, for it would soon be night.

St. Nicholas Day

ST. NICHOLAS DAY

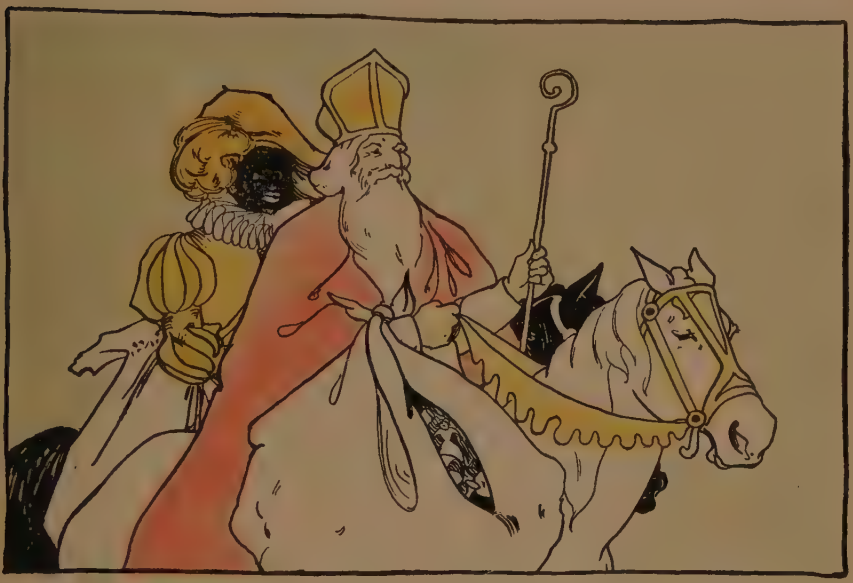
"It is the fifth of December!" shouted Bram one morning. "St. Nicholas has sent word that he will be here at six o'clock to-night!"

"And our dear father and mother are coming this morning at quarter past ten on the houseboat!" cried the Sunbonnet Babies. "See, we have a letter from them."

The houseboat came safely, bringing its passengers, only of course it was *very* late. But St. Nicholas came at six o'clock, *right on time.*

St. Nicholas always wears a magical robe, which gives him power to go in the twinkling of an eye wherever he chooses.

He rides his white horse swiftly over the housetops to find where the good children live. Then on the night of December fifth, he and his black servant visit every family in Holland.



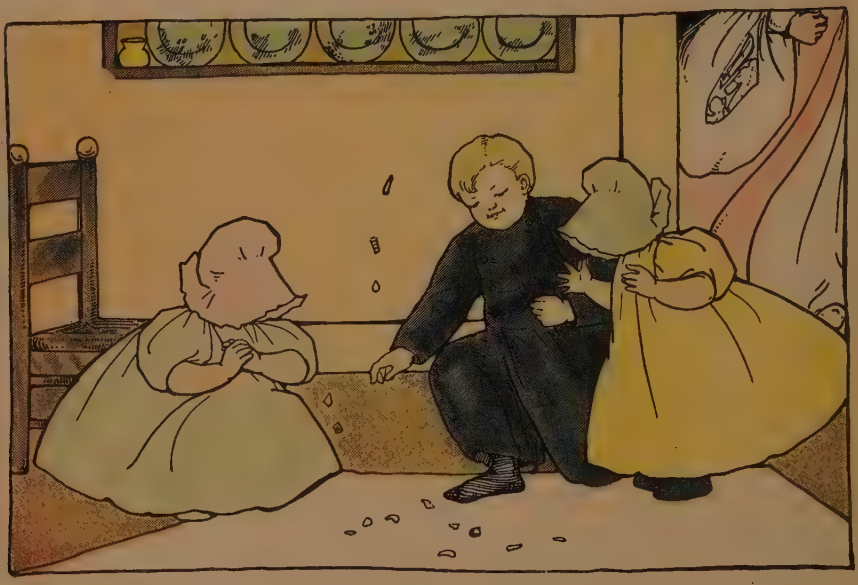
St. Nicholas and his black servant

Children are afraid of the black servant, for he carries a long stick and a great bag. They have been told he puts all bad boys and girls into his bag, and they are never seen again.

St. Nicholas carries a great bag, too, but his bag is filled with fine presents for good boys and girls.

Well, St. Nicholas arrived at the Edam farm at just six o'clock, as he said he would.

The children spread a large white sheet in the middle of the floor and stood around it, listening and waiting. At five minutes before



Suddenly a shower of candies fell on the white sheet

six they began singing songs of welcome to good old St. Nicholas, asking him to bring them loads of presents.

Suddenly a shower of candies fell on the white sheet. There was a shout of delight, and while the children were scrambling to pick up the candies, in bounded St. Nicholas.

Yes, there he was, wearing his magical robe and bishop's headdress. (He used to be a good church bishop, you know.)

The black servant was there, too, with open

bag and great stick, looking very jolly for St. Nicholas's black servant.

"Ho! ho!" laughed St. Nicholas. "I thought this was the house—yes, I knew this was the house where the Sunbonnet Babies were visiting. We want to show these two little Americans what a real Dutch Christmas is."

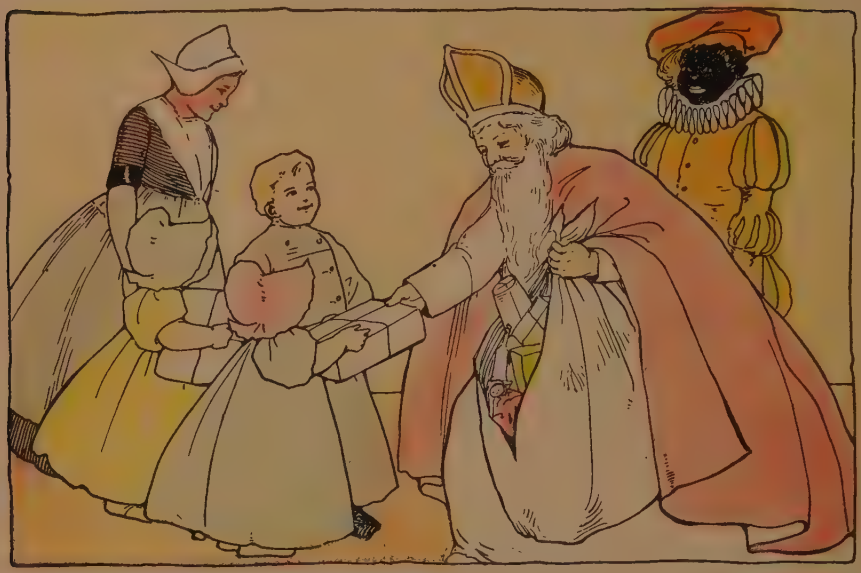
Then he opened his bag and took out packages and packages and packages. There were presents for every one, from grandfather and grandmother down to Molly and May.

There was a tall fur cap for Oom Dirk, and a fine lace cap for Tante Marta. There was a pair of fine long skates for Bram, with a note from St. Nicholas saying that he expected Bram to be the fastest skater on the Zuider Zee before another St. Nicholas Day.

At last St. Nicholas took about a dozen bundles out of his pack, and handed them all to Molly and May.

"These," he said, "are all for the Sunbonnet Babies. We hope they will not forget their first Christmas in Holland.

"Now we are off! We must visit a thousand



He opened his bag and took out packages and packages and packages

and two other boys and girls to-night. I shall drive over Edam on my way back to the North Pole. If any presents are left in my pack I'll drop down your chimney with a few. So have your klompen ready. Goodby! We'll be back again next year, though my black servant never finds much to do." And they were gone.

Molly and May opened their packages as fast as their little fingers could work, and this is what they found.

There was a pair of handsome klompen for

Molly, which just fitted her feet. In one of them she found this note from St. Nicholas:

DEAR MOLLY:

These klompen were made for you by the little boy whose home you visited on the island of Marken. He carved your name on them himself. Then he asked me to take them to you. He hopes you will not forget him.

Your jolly

ST. NICHOLAS

Of course May had a note and a pair of klompen just like Molly's. Then they each had six very full petticoats and a red and blue striped dress skirt and a blue silk apron.

There was a dull strawberry-colored waist for each little girl, and three strings of real garnets which fastened around the neck with a beautiful gold clasp.

But best of all there were two beautiful white lace caps. They were real little Volendam caps, with wings on each side of the face.

St. Nicholas put a note in this package saying he had asked Vrouw van Steen to make the caps, for he wanted them to be very pretty. He hoped the little girls would sometimes wear the caps in America and think of him.

Of course there were many other presents for the Sunbonnet Babies, but they liked their Dutch costumes best of all. They tried them right on before going to bed.

Then Bram said: "Come on, little Volendam girls! We must put a wisp of hay in a shoe out beside the canal for St. Nicholas's horse. He will be hungry by the time he gets back here."

So they put a wisp of hay in one of grandfather's old shoes. Then they slipped out into the dark and placed the shoe beside the canal.

On their way back to the house they stopped to take a look at the chimney to be sure that St. Nicholas could not miss it.

Suddenly May whispered: "Oh! Look! Who is that on our chimney?"

"My! It is St. Nicholas!" whispered Molly. "How did he get back so soon? Our klompen are not ready." And away she ran to the house.

Putting hay into a shoe for St. Nicholas's horse

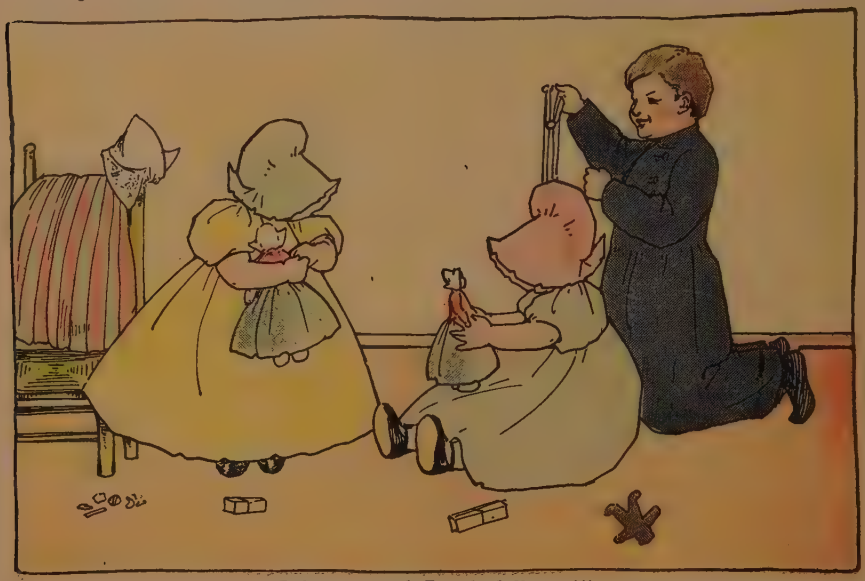
"Wait a minute!" called Bram. Just then the dark thing on the chimney spread two big wings and quietly sailed away.

"Oh! It is only a stork," said May.

"It is a good sign to have him stand on our chimney, though," said Bram. "St. Nicholas will surely be here before morning."

"We must put our shoes by the fireplace," cried May, "and then hurry to bed. St. Nicholas will not come down our chimney if we are awake. Santa Claus never does."

The Sunbonnet Babies slept sound in their high wall bed that night, but Bram woke them early next morning.



"I have a real Dutch doll, too!"

"St. Nicholas did stop on his way back to the North Pole!" he cried. "Come and see! Our klompen are running over with presents."

Molly and May were there in a jiffy.

"Oh! I have a real Dutch doll!" cried Molly.

"*I* have a real Dutch doll, too!" cried May. "They have dresses and caps just like ours, and little wooden shoes, and neck chains, and —"

"Look, May! See this funny gingerbread man! I found him in my shoe."

"The toe of *my* shoe is full of candy!"

"So is mine, and I have a little silver knife and fork, and here is a top that spins!"

"See my gingerbread lady!" cried Bram. "And my jackknife, and reins for my dog! Let's go and see if St. Nicholas's horse ate the wisp of hay we left for him."

Sure enough, the wooden shoe was quite empty. The wisp of hay was gone.

"A man is bringing a great package into our house. Look!" cried Molly. "What can it be?"

"I know!" shouted Bram. "It is a present. Let's see whose name is on it."

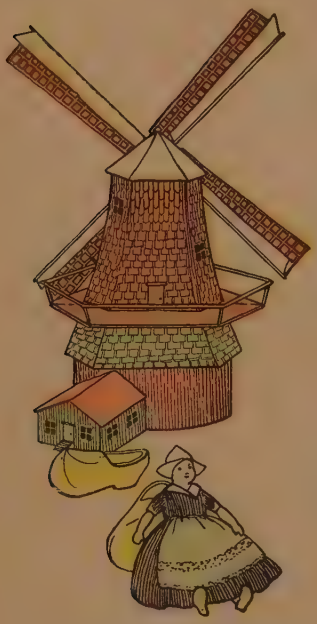
For Molly, the Sunbonnet Baby, read the man.

"For me!" cried Molly. It must be a playhouse for my Dutch doll. Let's open it quick!"

So they opened the box, and inside they found another smaller box.

"Oh, it's mine!" cried Bram. "See, it says *For Bram*."

This box was quickly opened, and there on another box it said, *For Tante Marta*.



The little Dutch windmill

So Tante Marta was called to open her box, but the present was not for her, after all.

Oom Dirk's name was on the next box, but he was disappointed to find May's name on the box inside of his.

Then May opened her box, and there she found—not a Dutch doll's house—but she found a dear little Dutch windmill.

Her Uncle Jan had sent it all the way from Zeeland. It was made just like his own big windmill, in which the Sunbonnet Babies had had such good times.

So St. Nicholas Day passed. All day the family was either sending or receiving presents.

Some of the presents were hidden about the house, and it was great fun hunting for them.

The big brass knocker on the front door was in use most of the time.

If Oom Dirk had a present to give any one in the house, he handed the package to the maid. She took it to the front door outside, and—bang! went the knocker, just as if the present came from some friend in the town.

Once the maid brought in a small boy and stood him before grandmother. At first grandmother thought some one had sent her a little live boy, but no, it was only a suit of Bram's clothes stuffed with straw. Inside of the fat little boy she found a beautiful set of knitting needles.

"Ah! I know where this present came from," said grandmother. "It came from a little boy who wants some new mittens. Well, he shall have them very soon."

Bram sent a present to a boy friend by a man who was passing. The man left it at the boy's house, but of course did not tell who sent it.

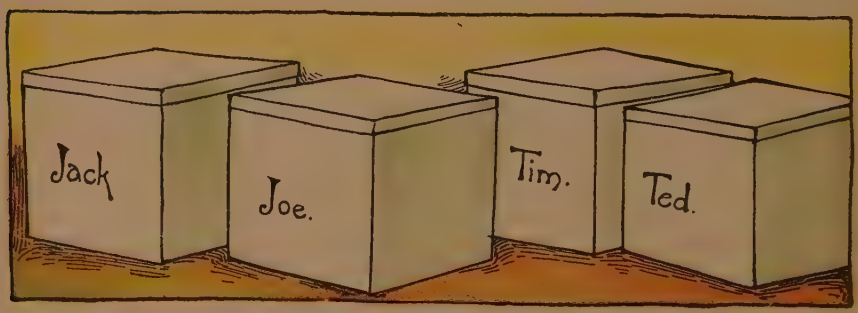
The longer a person was kept guessing from whom his presents came, the more fun it was.

The Sunbonnet Babies received four large packages marked on the outside for them, but on the inside wrappers were the names of the Overall Boys,—Jack and Joe and Tim and Ted.

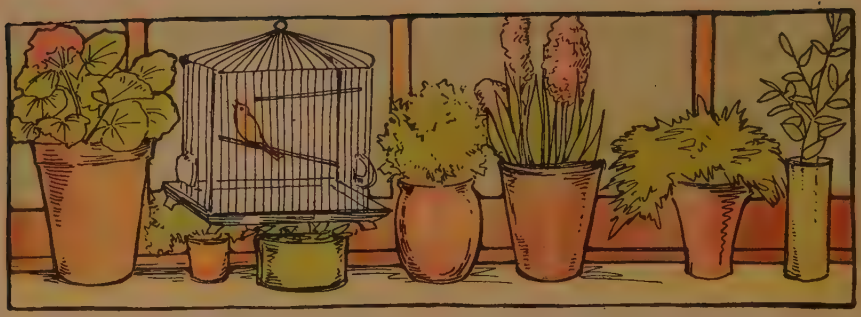
Of course Molly and May did not open these packages, but they felt sure that each held a Dutch boy's costume—klompen, baggy trousers, silver buttons and all. Perhaps there were kites and jackknives and gingerbread ladies besides.

Anyway, they were going to sail for home on the very next large steamer from Holland, so they would soon know.

They would like to have stayed all winter to skate with Bram on the Zuider Zee, but they could n't this time.



The Queen and Good-by



THE QUEEN AND GOOD-BY

"Good-by, grandfather! Good-by, grandmother! Good-by, dear old Edam farm!"

Molly and May waved their handkerchiefs very hard, except when they had to use them to wipe the tears away.

They were really going home at last. Their father and mother were going, too. Uncle Dirk was taking them in his barge as far as the city of Amsterdam. Then they would hurry by train to the big ocean steamer, and then—

But the Sunbonnet Babies were not quite sure they were ready to leave the canals, the windmills, and the dear Dutch friends in Holland. They thought that the Holland flag, with its broad stripes of red, white, and blue, was almost as handsome as their own stars and stripes, but not *quite*. And so they were going home.

It did not take long for the wind and the big brown sail to pull the barge from Edam to Amsterdam.

As they sailed up the busy river into the city they were sure that something quite unusual was happening. It seemed as if all the church bells in the city were ringing, and all the Holland flags were flying.

"I know what is happening!" said Uncle Dirk. "Our beautiful Queen Wilhelmina is coming to Amsterdam to-day. She lives in the pretty city of The Hague, you know, but every winter she spends a few weeks in her marble palace here in Amsterdam."

"Oh, goody! Oh, goody!" cried Molly and May. "We are just in time to see her. And we must wave our stars and stripes when the queen passes by."

They all left the barge quickly and hurried with the crowd of people toward the marble palace. They soon came to a large market-place, and there, sitting in her fine carriage drawn by white horses, was the queen.

Her coachman was driving very slowly, and

the beautiful queen was bowing and smiling and greeting the people as she passed along.

The queen was passing close in front of them

"Oh, oh! She is coming this way!" whispered Molly. "Don't forget to wave your flag, May."

Suddenly Molly was lifted right up onto Uncle Dirk's shoulder, and May was lifted up onto her tall father's shoulder.

The queen was passing close in front of them. Now they could see that the little Princess Juliana Louise Emma Maria Wilhelmina was

sitting beside her queen-mother, a real little queen herself.

"Long live lovely Queen Wilhelmina!" cried Molly.

"And long live lovely Princess Juliana!" cried May.

They waved their small American flags high above their sunbonnets, and then dropped them into the carriage, right at the feet of the little princess.

When Princess Juliana saw who had given her the odd-looking flags, she begged her queen-mother to stop the carriage and invite the little girls to come to the palace to visit her.

Molly and May said "Yes, thank you," without even thinking to ask their mother, but she was willing. So about an hour later the Sunbonnet Babies stood on the great steps of the marble palace.

In a few minutes they were taken up to the nursery of the little princess, and there they had one of the happiest times that three little girls ever had together.

They played with the wonderful dolls which

had traveled with the princess from her home in The Hague. There was a baby doll and a little girl doll and a boy doll and a fine lady doll.

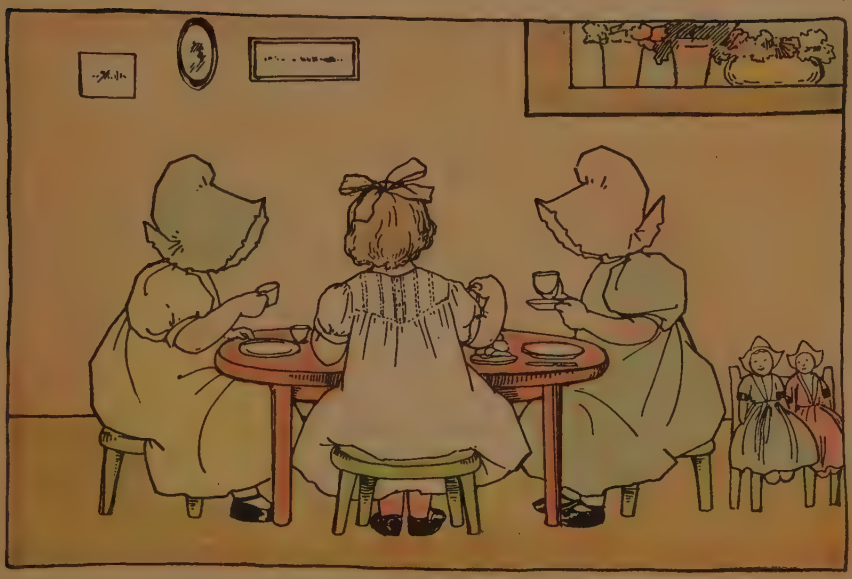
The little girl doll could dance when the princess wound her up with a key, and the little boy doll could say, "Vader" and "Moeder" as often as she wanted him to. And of course the baby doll could cry.

In one corner of the nursery was a lovely dolls' house. The princess put her dolls to bed every night and she took good care of them through the day.

The Sunbonnet Babies told the little princess all about their own home in America, and all about their grandfather's home in Edam.

The princess asked them many questions. She wanted to know if they had ever seen real mountains, and what they were like. She wanted to know what games little children played in America, and why they did n't have queens and princesses over there.

They talked sometimes in Dutch and sometimes in English, for Princess Juliana was learning to speak English. She will learn to

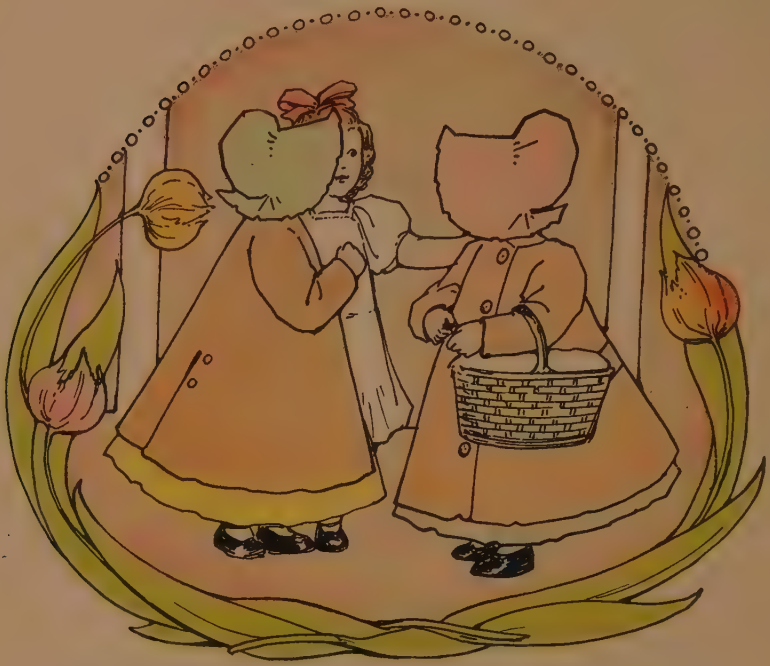


The best part of the visit in the palace was the tea party

speak French and German, too. Some day she may be the Queen of Holland, and queens must know a great deal.

But the very best part of the visit in the palace nursery was the tea party.

Molly and May helped the little princess set a small table with lovely dishes. Then a servant brought in the most delicious things to eat that the Sunbonnet Babies had tasted in all Holland. There were tiny buns and tarts and cakes and a little round Edam cheese.



Princess Juliana asked them to think of her when they had a party

The princess made them eat some of everything, and when it was time to go she filled a basket with good things, "so that you can have a real party on the big steamer," she said. And she asked them please to think of her when they had the party.

"Oh, we shall always be thinking of you, dear Princess Juliana!" said Molly.

"And we never, never shall forget the happy

time you have given us to-day!" said May.

Then some one hurried them away to the train, and the train hurried them away to the ocean steamer.

That night, when the Sunbonnet Babies went to bed in their tiny room, Molly said, "Just think of it, May! We have seen a really truly queen!" And May said, "Yes, Molly, and just think of it! We have visited a really truly princess! Holland is almost as nice as America, is n't it, Molly?"

GUESS WHERE

The Sunbonnet Babies traveled one day
To the land of windmills, far away;
Where storks and kites fly high in the air,
And tulips and lilies bloom everywhere.
They're home at last, their friends to see,
But they'll travel again, as sure as can be.

A Letter to the Boys and Girls

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—

Yes, the Sunbonnet Babies went with me last year to Holland. We traveled together through the picturesque Water Land, visiting in the homes of prosperous farmers, of comfortable windmill owners, of humble fishermen and dike builders, and of rich nurserymen.

We went every week with our Dutch friends to market, and every Sunday sat with the women and little children in some great stone church, where perhaps our Pilgrim forefathers worshiped three centuries ago. We joined in the fun of Kermis week, and in fact played games with the friendly little Dutch boys and girls whenever we could.

We traveled often on the canals, for they took us through many curious villages which the railroads do not touch. We enjoyed the strangeness of looking down on green pastures which were often many feet lower than the water on which we were sailing.

We visited the homelike palace of the lovely Queen Wilhelmina in the beautiful city of The

Hague, and we saw many glorious paintings by the great Dutch artists, which we hope some day all of our little friends may see and enjoy as we did.

We have now come home to tell the story of our happy experiences to the many friends of the Sunbonnet Babies.

We are sure that when you go to Middleburg you can easily find Uncle Jan's windmill, and that you will feel quite at home in the market-place there. Edam and Volendam and the queer little island of Marken should be as familiar to you as your home town, for everything we have told you about them is true. If you do not think so, just ask the Sunbonnet Babies.

Sincerely your friend,

EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER.

A LIST OF DIFFICULT WORDS

Diacritically marked according to Webster's New International Dictionary

KEY TO DIACRITICAL MARKS

ā . . . . . as in āle
ȧ . . . . . as in senȧte
â . . . . . as in câre
ă . . . . . as in ăm
ä . . . . . as in ärm
ȧ . . . . . as in ȧsk
ȧ . . . . . as in sofȧ
ē . . . . . as in ēve
ė . . . . . as in crėate
ĕ . . . . . as in ĕnd
ĕ . . . . . as in novĕl
ẽ . . . . . as in cindẽr
ī . . . . . as in īce
ĭ . . . . . as in ĭll
ō . . . . . as in ōld
ȯ . . . . . as in ȯbey
ô . . . . . as in lôrd

ŏ . . . . . as in ŏdd
ȯ . . . . . as in cȯnnect
ŏ . . . . . as in sŏft
o͞o . . . . . as in fo͞od
o͝o . . . . . as in fo͝ot
ou . . . . . as in thou
t͟h . . . . . as in t͟his
ū . . . . . as in pūre
u͡ . . . . . as in u͡nite
û . . . . . as in ûrn
ŭ . . . . . as in stŭdy
u͝ . . . . . as in circu͝s
ŋ (like ng): for *n* before the sound *k* or hard *g* as in ba**ŋ**k
N indicates the nasal tone, as in French, of the preceding vowel
t͡ū for *tu* as in nat**t͡ū**re

aboard (*ȧ* bōrd′)
accident (ăk′sĭ dĕnt)
acquainted (*ă* kwānt′ĕd)
across (*ȧ* krŏs′)
afraid (*ȧ* frād′)
afternoon (ȧf′tẽr no͞on′)
against (*ȧ* gĕnst′)
America (*ȧ* mĕr′ĭ kȧ)
Amsterdam (ăm′stẽr dăm)
Anna (ăn′nä)
answered (ȧn′sẽrd)
apron (ā′prŭn)
around (*ȧ* round′)
arrived (*ă* rīvd′)
ashore (*ȧ* shōr′)
Atlantic (ăt lăn′tĭk)
attic (ăt′ĭk)
August (ô′*g*u͡st)

baggy (băg′ĭ)
balloon (bȧ lo͞on′)
bargain (bär′gĕn)
barge (bärj)
basket (bȧs′kĕt)
bead (bēd)
beast (bēst)
beauty (bū′tĭ)
because (bẽ kôz′)
believe (bẽ lēv′)
Betje (bĕt′yā)
bishop (bĭsh′u͡p)
booth (bo͝oth)
bought (bôt)
bounded (bound′ĕd)
bowl (bōl)
Bram (brȧm)
breakfast (brĕk′fȧst)
breeze (brēz)
bridge (brĭj)
broad (brôd)
buckwheat (bŭk′hwēt′)
building (bĭld′ĭng)
bulb (bŭlb)
bundle (bŭn′d′l)
business (bĭz′nĕs)
button (bŭt′′n)

camel (kăm′ĕl)
canal (kȧ năl′)
canary (kȧ nā′rĭ)
candies (kăn′dĭz)
candle (kăn′d′l)
captain (kăp′tĭn)
carriage (kăr′ĭj)
ceiling (sēl′ĭng)
changed (chānjd)
cheese (chēz)
chimney (chĭm′nĭ)
china (chī′nȧ)
choked (chōkt)
cigar (sĭ gär′)
clatter (klăt′ẽr)
clever (klĕv′ẽr)
climbed (klīmd)
cologne (kẽ lōn′)
comfortable (kŭm′fẽr t*ȧ* b′l)
company (kŭm′pȧ nĭ)
continued (kŏn tĭn′ūd)
copper (kŏp′ẽr)
coral (kŏr′ăl)

costume (kŏs'tūm)
cough (kŏf)
country (kŭn'trĭ)
cousin (kŭz''n)
coverlet (kŭv'ēr lĕt)
coward (kou'ērd)
cupboard (kŭb'ērd)
curious (kū'rĭ ŭs)
curtain (kûr'tĭn)

dairy (dā'rĭ)
December (dē sĕm'bēr)
deck (dĕk)
Delft (dĕlft)
delicious (dē lĭsh'ŭs)
delighted (dē līt'ĕd)
different (dĭf'ēr ĕnt)
dike (dīk)
Dirk (dĭrk)
disappointed (dĭs'ă point'ĕd)
doorplate (dōr'plāt')
dozen (dŭz''n)
dreadful (drĕd'fo͝ol)
drie (drē)
drowned (dround)
Dutch (dŭch)

Edam (ā'dăm')
edge (ĕj)
een (ān)
elbow (ĕl'bō)
electricity (ē lĕk trĭs'ĭ tĭ)
embroider (ĕm broid'ēr)
Emma (ĕm mä)
English (ĭŋ'glĭsh)
enough (ē nŭf')
except (ĕk sĕpt')
expect (ĕks pĕkt')

family (făm'ĭ lĭ)
fashioned (făsh'ŭnd)
fastened (făs''nd)
finger (fĭŋ'gēr)
fireplace (fīr'plās')
floating (flōt'ĭng)
flooding (flŭd'ĭng)
fluffy (flŭf'ĭ)
footstool (fo͝ot'sto͞ol')
fountain (foun'tĭn)
freight (frāt)
French (frĕnch)
fright (frīt)
Fritz (frĭtz)
fruit (fro͞ot)
funeral (fū'nēr ăl)

gaat (gät)
garnet (gär'nĕt)
German (jûr'măn)
gingerbread (jĭn'jēr brĕd')
gingham (gĭng'ăm)
granddaughter (grănd'dô'tēr)
grind (grīnd)
gulden (go͝ol'dĕn)

Hague (hāg)
handkerchief (hăŋ'kēr chĭf)
handsome (hăn'sŭm)
Hans (hans)
harness (här'nĕs)
hello (hĕ lō')
het (hät)
hoe (ho͝o)
Holland (hŏl'ănd)
hungry (hŭŋ'grĭ)
hurrah (hoo̅ rä')
hurried (hŭr'rĭd)
husband (hŭz'bănd)

important (ĭm pôr'tănt)
instead (ĭn stĕd')
interest (ĭn'tēr ĕst)
invitation (ĭn'vĭ tā'shŭn)
island (ī'lănd)

ja (yä)
jacket (jăk'ĕt)
jackknife (jăk'nīf')
Jan (yan)
je (yā)
jiffy (jĭf'ĭ)
jingled (jĭŋ'g'ld)
journey (jûr'nĭ)
Juliana (jo͞o lĭ ăn'ă)

Kermis (kĕr'mĭs)
kettle (kĕt''l)
kitchen (kĭch'ĕn)
kite (kīt)
klompen (klŏmp'ĕn)
knitting (nĭt'ĭng)
knocker (nŏk'ēr)

ladder (lăd'ēr)
ladle (lā'd'l)
language (lăŋ'gwăj)
laugh (läf)
least (lēst)
leather (lĕth'ēr)
length (lĕngth)
lilac (lī'lăk)

linseed (lĭn'sēd')
listen (lĭs''n)
Louise (lo͞o ēz')

machinery (mȧ shēn'ēr ĭ)
magical (măj'ĭ kăl)
Maria (mä rē'ä)
market (mär'kĕt)
Marta (mär'tä)
Maryland (mĕr'ĭ lănd)
met (mĕt)
Middleburg (mĭd'ĕl bûrg)
Mina (mē'nä)
minute (mĭn'ĭt)
mirrors (mĭr'ĕrz)
Moeder (mo͞o'dĕr)
moldy (mōl'dĭ)
mountain (moun'tĭn)
muffin (mŭf'ĭn)
music (mū'zĭk)

neck-scarf (nĕk'skärf')
needle (nē'd'l)
neen (nān)
nursery (nûr'sēr ĭ)

ocean (ō'shăn)
Oom (ōm)
orphan (ôr'făn)
ought (ôt)

package (păk'ăj)
parent (pâr'ĕnt)
Paris (păr'ĭs)
passenger (păs'ĕn jēr)
pasture (pȧs'tûr)
patch (păch)
Paul (poul)
people (pē'p'l)
peppermint (pĕp'ēr mĭnt)
perhaps (pēr hăps')
petticoat (pĕt'ĭ kōt)
pigeon (pĭj'ŭn)
pitcher (pĭch'ēr)
platform (plăt'fôrm)
plunged (plŭnjd)
pocket (pŏk'ĕt)
poffertjes (pŏf'fĕr tyĕs)
polished (pŏl'ĭsht)
porpoise (pôr'pŭs)
porridge (pŏr'ĭj)
praising (prāz'ĭng)
preach (prēch)
present (prĕz'ĕnt)
Princess (prĭn'sĕs)
proudest (proud'ĕst)

Psalm (säm)
pulley (pŏŏl'ĭ)
pumped (pŭmpt)
purposely (pûr'pŭs lĭ)

quarter (kwôr'tĕr)
queer (kwēr)
question (kwĕs'chŭn)

ready (rĕd'ĭ)
really (rē'ăl ĭ)
receiving (rē sēv'ĭng)
reins (rānz)
Rotterdam (rŏt'ēr däm')
rough (rŭf)

St. Nicholas
(sānt nĭk'ō lȧs)
Saturday (săt'ŭr dȧ)
saucer (sô'sēr)
sausage (sô'sȧj)
scarlet (skär'lĕt)
Schnaps (shnăps)
scold (skōld)
scrambling (skrăm'blĭng)
screaming (skrēm'ĭng)
scrubbed (skrŭbd)
seasick (sē'sĭk')
selfish (sĕl'fĭsh)
service (sûr'vĭs)
shelf (shĕlf)
shipwreck (shĭp'rĕk')
shivered (shĭv'ērd)
shoulder (shōl'dēr)
sight (sīt)
skipping (skĭp'ĭng)
sleeve (slēv)
sneeze (snēz)

snuggled (snŭg''ld)
soldier (sōl'jēr)
spangle (spăŋ'g'l)
specially (spĕch'ăl ĭ)
splashing (splăsh'ĭng)
square (skwâr)
steamer (stēm'ēr)
Steen (stān)
stocking (stŏk'ĭng)
stork (stôrk)
straight (strāt)
strange (strānj)
strawberry (strô'bĕr ĭ)
striped (strīpt)
strut (strŭt)
stubby (stŭb'ĭ)
suddenly (sŭd''n lĭ)
Sunday (sŭn'dȧ)
suppose (sŭ pōz')
surprise (sŭr prīz')

Tante (tän'tā)
teakettle (tē'kĕt''l)
thousand (thou'zănd)
through (thrōō)
Thursday (thûrz'dȧ)
tight (tīt)
together (tŏŏ gĕth'ēr)
Toon (tōn)
touch (tŭch)
towel (tou'ĕl)
trained (trānd)
traveler (trăv'ĕl ēr)
trick (trĭk)
trousers (trou'zērz)
trudged (trŭjd)
tulip (tū'lĭp)
turning-mill
(tûrn'ĭng-mĭl)

twee (twā)
twinkling (twĭŋ'klĭng)

uncle (ŭŋ'k'l)
understand (ŭn'dēr stănd')
urged (ûrjd)
useful (ūs'fŏŏl)

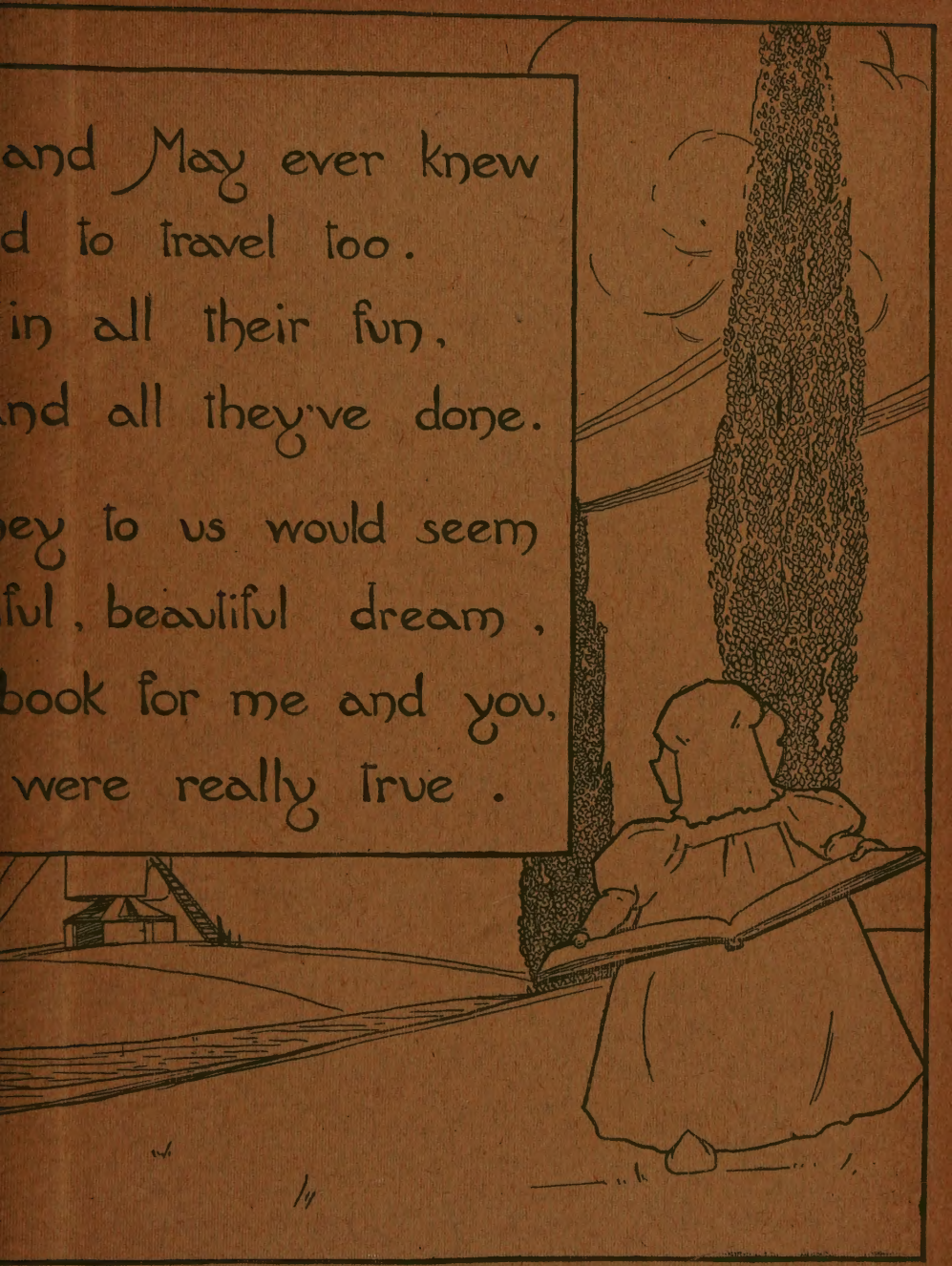
Vader (vä'dĕr)
vegetable (vĕj'ĕ tȧ b'l)
velvet (vĕl'vĕt)
vier (vēr)
village (vĭl'ȧj)
visited (vĭz'ĭt ĕd)
voice (vois)
Volendam (vŏl'ĕn däm)
Vrouw (vrou)

waist (wāst)
watching (wŏch'ĭng)
wear (wâr)
wedding (wĕd'ĭng)
weighed (wād)
welcome (wĕl'kŭm)
whale (hwāl)
whisper (hwĭs'pēr)
whole (hōl)
Wilhelmina (wĭl hĕl mī'nä)
Willem (wĭl'lĕm)
windmill (wĭnd'mĭl')
wives (wīvz)
wooden (wŏŏd''n)
wrapped (răpt)

yeast (yēst)
yoke (yōk)

Zeeland (zā'lănd)
Zuyder Zee (zoi'dĕr zā)

We wonder how Molly
That we have want
They've let us share
In all they've seen
They knew their jour
Like a beautiful, beau
So they've written thi
To prove their travels


and May ever knew
d to travel too.
in all their fun,
nd all they've done.
ey to us would seem
ful, beautiful dream,
book for me and you,
were really true.